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TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

JAMES MARTINEAU

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TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JAMES MARTINEAU

Edited, with an Introduction, by

ALBERT LAZENBY

BOSTON
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
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TIDES OF THE SPIRIT

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	xi
ABBREVIATIONS	xxvii
THE GROUNDS OF OUR RELIGIOUS FAITH	1
SPIRITUAL REALITIES	31
MORAL ASPECTS OF THE WORLD	67
THE QUEST OF THE SIMPLE LIFE	83
FACTORS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH IN MODERN SOCIETY	107
RELIGION IN THE HOME	131
LOSS AND GAIN IN RECENT THEOLOGY	149
AFTER-TIDES	177
INDEX	191

INTRODUCTION

To me, as I advance further from the time when I knew Dr. Martineau "after the flesh," his utterances become daily more precious. Tested by reason and conscience, and passed through the crucible of experience, they have proved themselves of the finest gold. I can hardly tell what this teacher has been to me. My tutor at college, he became master of my thinking through the years of my maturer manhood, and the supreme object of reverence and affection among all the men I have ever known. The moment I entered as pupil his presence stands out as one of the epoch moments in my life, — the "striking hour" in the realm of spirit. I had been reading the evolutionary literature of the day, especially the writings of Herbert Spencer. I am free to confess it was slowly shaking the foundations of my faith. It was not so

clearly understood then as now, — at least I did not understand it. In my perplexity I communicated with Dr. Martineau: he treated me with the sympathy of one who had himself known the shadows — and come through them. From that time commenced the relation which, next to the domestic, is perhaps the most close, — the relation of master and disciple. He was more to me than college professor, more even than beloved teacher. He became the prophet-seer, the revealer of the hidden mysteries of God, the interpreter of my own soul.

To know this man was to understand something of his teaching. Perhaps there is no writer who has illuminated the dry walks of metaphysics with such a wealth of imagery and metaphor and allegory. Though born in England, he really was of French extraction — on the father's side. His ancestors were among the Huguenot refugees; and all the vivid imagination of the French race belonged to him and came out in his writings. His pages are lit up by a rich play of fancy, but it is fancy

balanced by judgment. He was more than half French in the quickness of his intuitions; but with this was combined the analytical power of the philosopher. I shall never forget the impression his lectures on Ethics first made upon me. Time and time again have I laid down my pencil, — not in weariness, but because of intense feeling. Some of the most heart-searching sermons I have ever listened to were in those lectures. You felt you were in the presence of some moral anatomist. As he analyzed your "springs of action," he stripped you bare, took off the covering in which you had enwrapped yourself. He laid your very soul open upon the table, with every nerve quivering and every heart-beat throbbing. Such was his singular power of analyzing and interpreting the moral forces in our nature and making them real to us. He was another Savonarola touching the conscience.

And withal he was absolutely indifferent as to men's judgments concerning himself. I have heard him say: "In the course of my long experience I am not conscious of ever stopping to ask, after a sermon or an

address, 'Well, I wonder how the people like that?'" He was above the world's opinion, either favorable or unfavorable,— fearless of what it thought or said. And this it was that saved him from that infirmity of many great minds, — the feeling of rivalry. Martineau's originality and fertility of ideas would not have freed him so completely from jealousy of other men or from the dread of being balked of his credit, had he not possessed that simplicity of nature, that heedlessness of the world's praise or blame, or that generosity of disposition for which sympathy is another name. He poured himself out in conversation; his ideas were caught up and used, with or without acknowledgment. He never disturbed himself in any way. There was an ingenuousness about him that made him absolutely unworldly and almost childlike. In one of his sermons he has said: "How profoundly true it is that in divine things the child may know what the great philosopher has missed," — a singular utterance coming from a man who was pre-eminently a philosopher. And yet it was a self-revelation:

the humility of a Newton in the presence of the great infinities.

His sermons are full of these *self-revelations*. Without being "confessions," they are so near a relation of experience that you could almost compile a spiritual biography of Martineau from these utterances alone. It has been said that in "those wonderful sermons known as the Hours of Thought and Endeavors after the Christian Life, we get a clearer glimpse of the real Martineau than from his philosophical writings. We see the spiritual teacher who will endure. In these discourses opinion disappears, theological differences are forgotten, nothing repels or divides, every word tends to unite. The appeal is to what is deepest within us, and it springs from a spiritual confidence in which we also can confide." True; but it must not be supposed that he had no "opinions," or that his "theology" was a vague, nebulous kind of thing. A very profound philosophy and clear-cut theology formed the groundwork of his religious faith. He speaks with scorn of the attempt to dismiss "philosophy" and

"metaphysics" and "theology" from religion. He says: "We cannot give theology its discharge and let it carry off all its beliefs without prejudice to human trust and piety." He deprecated the tendency to let Moral Idealism take the place of the personality of God. Martineau would have no substitutes for God, however ideal. God was to him a *Real Being* or not at all.

And the ground-basis of his faith was in the nature and needs of man. In one of his essays he says: "Till we accept the *faiths* which our faculties postulate, we can never *know* even the sensible world; and when we accept them, we shall know much more." Questioning the working of his own mind, he discovered that he never spoke of *cause* without thinking of some living power, and that when he traced that power back from cause to cause, he could never rest till he came to a living *will* determining all the movements of the natural world. He felt that he must by the very make of his faculties think "God" behind the movements of the stars, and every motion — down to the opening of the flower on the stem. The

universe was charged with this living power, — not slumbering and waking up at times, not intermittent, not interfering now and then, but perpetual and universal, present and active in every movement of everlasting time, in every spot of boundless space. Thus all *cause* in its ultimate analysis was to Martineau the action of a living Will; and the supreme and ultimate cause of all, — the *Living Will of God.* The structure of his mind was such that when he faithfully analyzed it he could come to no other conclusion.

So in another way: man has been endowed with a moral nature which of necessity implies "God." Some one has called Martineau a "conscience-intoxicated" philosopher, and the term is not inapplicable. The ethical note is heard in all he says. In his soul-piercing lectures and in those "immortal sermons," he sought to develop the *moral imperative* in human nature, and to lead the mind by successive steps into necessary union with God. He did not believe in utilitarian ethics, simply because it did not seem to him that mere

considerations of prudence, or calculation of consequences, can ever reach the flood-tide of human experience. They can never pass into acts of self-sacrifice or heroism or patriotism or martyrdom. Nor did it seem to him that the form given to utilitarian ethics by the doctrine of evolution as taught by Spencer and Darwin helped the matter. You cannot get out of any crystallization of habit, or repetition of act, the authority which will transform a purely utilitarian end into a sense of *duty*. This must of necessity come from a higher source. In all our moral acts there is essentially a sense of obligation. We cannot empty our moral sense of this strange and unique characteristic.

As Cardinal Newman has pointed out (and Martineau and Newman had a great deal in common): "If, on doing wrong, we feel the same fearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same serenity of mind, the same soothing satisfactory delight, which follows on receiving praise from a father, — we certainly have within us

the image of some person to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away."

Thus any faithful reading of the human conscience spells in it the name of "God." God stands within the shadow, as within the "light that lighteth every man coming into the world." You cannot remove him without making chaos of the moral sense. To Martineau the actual call of duty — in the secret places of his soul — was a voice sounding from the heights and depths of an absolute righteousness, an absolute holiness which was its own guarantee and sanction. It was God speaking to him out of the mystery of his own infinite being.

And by this second avenue of his nature did he approach God. The infinite goodness became identified with the infinite power, the eternal authority with the eternal will; and the God of nature and the God of conscience encompassed and commanded him with a flashing brilliance of reality.

But to Martineau there was another avenue to God, — the spiritual nature of man. While he was pre-eminently a philosopher and taught a religion of Causation, and essentially a prophet and proclaimed a religion of Conscience, he was also a spiritual seer and breathed a religion of the Spirit. No one recognized more readily than he that the conception of God simply as a First Cause would empty the universe of that rich personal element, both in reference to God and man, that was all-essential to religion. God would become a God of the understanding, but not a God of the heart; cold, cold as a statue, — not a life-giving reality. He also perceived that a belief in God as an External Lawgiver, or Supreme Judge seeing that his judgments were carried out, would not inspire much personal devotion. He might compel our obedience; he would not win our affection. Hence Martineau sought for some conception of God which was more living, more vital, more quickening, more love-inspiring. This he found in man's spiritual nature. There was a spiritual-mystic side of reli-

gion which found frequent expression in his works.

His friend and sometime minister — the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke — is not inclined to place Martineau high among the mystics. He thinks he was primarily a rationalist and an ethical philosopher, and only in a secondary sense a mystic. But over against that may be set the opinion of his old pupil and very intimate friend, Mr. R. H. Hutton: "We have no hesitation in saying that in his wonderful sermons the real Martineau, the spiritual teacher who will endure, has accomplished his greatest and finest work. . . . Spirit speaks to spirit in these pages, and they are worthy of the finest mysticism of the Catholic Church at her best." And that is true. Martineau was a mystic, but his mysticism was balanced by his reason, and held in check by his conscience. He was not a mystic in the sense of losing his intellectual-moral individuality. "Not to lose one's faculties, but to have God shining through them, was his great desire. He would retain his own spiritual eyes, his reason and conscience,

and yet in very deed see all things in God." He recognized that there was a time when reason had to go into retreat, and the spirit of the little child was the only guide. He felt with Emerson that "there is no doctrine of the reason which will bear to be taught by the understanding;" and with Pascal, that "the heart has its reasons which the reason knows not of." He himself has said that "it is a shallow mind that can see to the bottom of its own beliefs." And he declared that "our devout beliefs are not built, as we suppose, upon the dry strand of reason, but ride upon the flood of our affection." He quotes with approval that saying of Cromwell's: "One never mounts so high as when one knows not whither one is going."

But Martineau did not rely on any non-rational sources of knowledge. He did not believe in any direct vision of God, unaided or uncontrolled by the intellect or the conscience. But he did believe in the highest spiritual faculties as absolutely necessary helpmeets to reason. He realized beyond measure that certainty of God and his

communion with the soul which cannot be touched by physical science or literary criticism. It was a spiritual intuition, tried and confirmed by reason. Here is a passage taken from one of his earlier writings, and I quote it here because it is the keynote of both his religion and philosophy:

"I pretend not to draw the untraceable line that separates his being from ours. The decisions of the Will, doubtless, are our own, and constitute the proper sphere of our personal agency. But in a region higher than the Will — the realm of spontaneous thought and emotion — there is scope enough for his abode with us! Whatever is most deep within us is the reflection of himself. All our better love and higher aspirations are the answering movements of our nature in harmonious obedience to his Spirit. Whatever dawn of blessed sanctity, and wakening of purer perceptions, opens on our consciousness, are the sweet touch of his morning light within us. His inspiration is perennial; and he never ceases to work within us if we consent to will and to do his good pleasure. He befriends our moral efforts; encourages us to maintain our resolute fidelity and truth; accepts our co-operation with his designs against all evil; and reveals to us many things far too fair and deep for language to express. But he is expelled by the least unfaith-

fulness. . . . Finding a Holy of Holies within us, we need not curiously ask whether its secret voices are of ourselves or the Father. Christ felt how, within the deeps of our spiritual nature, the personalities of Heaven and earth might become entwined together and indissolubly blended: 'Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, and they also one in us.' And so the Holy Spirit within us, the spirit of Christ and the spirit of God, are, after all, but one;—a blessed Trinity, our part in which gives to our souls a dignity most humbling yet august."

This is why Jesus appealed to him. He considered that all Christ's moral and spiritual teaching assumed kinship and affinity between the human and divine. He did not move among men as among slaves, but as among kindred spirits who had genuine affinity with God like himself. Christ never claimed a kinship with God he did not claim for his disciples. He revealed to man his truest ideal. Standing mid the world's moral outcasts, he saw even in them the image of a possible nobleness; and he fearlessly proclaimed that in them, too, was the Kingdom of God. And it was this that won this noble saint's devotion. "While God reveals himself in all our hearts, somehow

we only half believe the vision while it lies hid in our lonely mind. Only when we see its form embodied in another, who realizes what we scarce imagined, are our eyes opened to see we have been communing with divine realities. A visible person, holy, living and dying in simple trust and obedience, loving nothing but what is dear to God, pitying what is sad before him, and severe only to the guilt that lies beneath his frown; a being of sweet and tender humanities, yet transfigured with the sweet converse with God; a spirit at once grand and gracious as that of Jesus — bears down upon us with a persuasion which neither the whispers of our natural heart nor the thunders of supernatural power can ever exercise. Such a one stands openly between our souls and God."

So Martineau recognized in Jesus the fairest soul, the faithfullest son of God who had ever looked forth from human eyes, and spoken with human lips. Few denying the traditional beliefs concerning him have yet yielded their lives more fully to his influence. He had language of humble disciple-

ship to address to Jesus which was for none other among all the sons of men.

Much more might be said of the teaching of this "Saint of Theism;" but enough has been written to throw light on the pages which follow. Our object has not been to exhaust, but to choose some of the priceless treasures of this man's thought and wisdom. What the Confessions of Augustine, and the Meditations of Aurelius, and the Sayings of Tauler, and the Imitation of à Kempis, and the Pensées of Pascal have been to former ages, these utterances of Martineau may be to ours: — the light of the darkened hour, the strength of the wavering will, the comfort of the sorrowing heart, — the very word of God, "full of grace and truth."

ABBREVIATIONS

For	"Endeavors"	read	"Endeavors after Christian Life."
"	"Ess."	"	"Essays and Reviews."
"	"H. of T."	"	"Hours of Thought."
"	"Life"	"	"Life and Letters of James Martineau," by James Drummond. 2 vols.
"	"Misc."	"	"Miscellanies."
"	"N. D."	"	"National Duties."
"	"S. of A."	"	"Seat of Authority."
"	"S. of C."	"	"Studies of Christianity."
"	"S. of R."	"	"Study of Religion."

THE GROUNDS OF OUR RELIGIOUS FAITH

Man's Knowledge of God 3
God in Nature 8
God in the Conscience 15
God as Spirit 22
Christ the Divine Word 25

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD

The limits of human intelligence

For much of the agnosticism of the age, the gnosticism of theologians is undeniably responsible. They have overstrained the language of religion till its meaning breaks, and the coherent thinker easily picks up its aims to show they can contain nothing.

S. of R. x.

Those who tell me too much about God; who speak as if they knew his motive and his plan in everything; who are never at a loss to name the reason of every structure and show the tender mercy of every event; who praise the cleverness of the Eternal economy and patronize it as a masterpiece of forensic ingenuity; who carry themselves through the solemn glades of Providence with the springy step and jaunty air of a familiar, — do but drive me by the very definiteness of their assurance into an indefinite agony of doubt, and impel me to cry, "Ask of me less, and I shall give you all."

H. of T. II. 4.

Belief truer than non-belief

On the other hand, when I commune with those who have nothing to tell me about God; who treat the transient as the only real, and dismiss the Eternal as a negation and a dream; who pretend to lift the veil from nature and show us that there is No One there; who see on the brow of heaven no trace of thought, and in the beauty of a saint only the working of a vital chemistry, and in the historical development of humanity a mere frondescence from the circulating sap of civilization; when, without once appealing to my faith, they account for everything *except this clinging faith itself;* — this little residual exception spoils all their work; and, in proportion to their success in bewildering my understanding, plunges me into the mood of enthusiasm as an escape from an empty despair.

H. of T. II. 4.

De Profundis

It is the essence and beginning of religion to feel that all our belief and speech respecting God is untrue, yet infinitely truer than any non-belief and silence; but the confes-

sion of our ignorance once made, we may proceed to use such poor thought and language as we find least unsuitable to so high a matter. *Endeavors*, 14.

God, being infinite, can never be fully comprehended by our minds; whatever thought of him be there, his real nature must still transcend; there will yet be deep after deep beyond, within that light ineffable; and what we see, compared with what we do not see, will be as the raindrop to the firmament. Our conception of him can never *correspond* with the reality, so as to be without omission, disproportion, or aberration; but can only *represent* the reality, and *stand for God* within our souls, till nobler thoughts arise and reveal themselves as his interpreters. *Endeavors*, 227.

God cannot be classified

God is neither a being to be classified, nor a phenomenon to be foreseen. As well might you attempt to put space under your microscope, or weigh gravitation in your scales. If you believe that God exists, and understand your words when you call him

"infinite" and "eternal," you cannot expect to find him as *one object among many*, but as a *Spirit in all.* *H. of T.* I. 118.

The great belief

To me, I confess, it seems a very considerable thing, just to believe in God; difficult indeed to avoid honestly, but not easy to accomplish worthily, and impossible to compass perfectly; — a thing not lightly to be professed, but rather humbly to be sought; not to be found at the end of any syllogism, but in the inmost fountains of purity and affection; — not the sudden gift of intellect, but to be earned by a loving and brave life. It is indeed the greatest thing allowed to mankind, — the germ of every lesser greatness; and he who can say, "I have faith in the Almighty," makes a higher boast than if he could declare, "The Mediterranean is my garden, and mine is every branch that waves upon its shores, from the cedars of Lebanon to the pine upon the Alps." *Endeavors*, 307.

The faiths of our faculties condition of knowledge

Till we accept the *faiths* which our faculties postulate, we can never *know* even the sensible world; and when we accept them we shall know much more. *Ess.* IV. 265.

The Universe a mind-track

If you could ever show that the method of the universe is one along which *no mind could move* — that it is absolutely incoherent and unideal, — you would destroy the possibility of Religion as a doctrine of Causality; only, however, by simultaneously discovering the impossibility of Science. . . . That those who labor to render the universe *intelligible* should call in question its *relation to intelligence*, is one of those curious inconsistencies to which the ablest specialists are often liable when meditating in foreign fields. *Ess.* IV. 172.

If it takes *mind* to construe the world, how can the negation of mind suffice to constitute it? *Ess.* IV. 173.

GOD IN NATURE

Mind — first

Religion insists that *mind* is *first*, and *rules forever;* and the process, whatever it be, is *its process*, moving towards congenial ends. Let this be granted and it matters not by what faith of method the Divine Thought advances, or how long it is upon the road.

Ess. IV. 586.

The Evolution which proposes to dispense with an intellectual initiative for the universe, and to postpone the appearance of Mind upon the scene of things till the genesis has reached its climax, has either no God distinct from the sum total of finite thought, or at least a God that has a birthday among originated things. *H. of T.* II. 111.

A world which begins with the unconscious and only *ends* with being divine makes its own God, instead of being made by him, and cannot pretend to have any object of worship. *H. of T.* II. 112.

The agnostic says, "I have no conception how the powers of Nature come out of Mind." May we not ask him whether he finds it any more conceivable how Mind should come out of no-Mind? Both sides of the alternative baffle imagination; the latter is in defiance of Reason too.

Life, II. 445.

To our Reason, in its noblest sense, it makes a difference simply infinite, whether the universe it scans is in the hands of Dead Necessity or of the Living God.

H. of T. II. 352.

Cannot worship what is below me

I am not an idolater, to worship what is below me: the laws cannot love me: they are blind as a bust, and cannot look into me: they do not know that I have found them and do not care whether I obey them: they bring me suffering and are not sorry; or relief, and feel no joy: they whirl and grind away, weaving my fortune if I am circumspect and sharp; or, if my heedless cloak should touch their shaft, picking me up and crushing every bone. These things for their own sakes can be the objects of no

solemn love. A person is higher than a thing; and if, while we are persons, the ultimate power of the universe is not, it is then *we* that are supreme. *H. of T.* II. 7.

A rightful anthropomorphism

Shall I be deterred by the reproach of "anthropomorphism"? If I am to see a ruling Power in the world, is it folly to prefer a man-like to a brute-like power, a seeing to a blind? The similitude to man means no more and goes no farther than the supremacy of intellectual insight and moral ends over every inferior alternative; and how it can be contemptible and childish to derive everything from the highest known order of power rather than the lowest, and to converse with Nature as embodied Thought, instead of taking it as a dynamic engine, it is difficult to understand. Is it absurd to suppose mind transcending the human? or, if we do so, to make our own Reason the analogical base for intellect of wider sweep? *Ess.* IV. 247.

Faith in progress is faith in God

It is a common feature of every doctrine of development in time, that the course has

been from ruder elements to more refined combinations, from comparative chaos to the cosmos we behold. That a solar system should succeed to a cloud on fire; that a red-hot earth should put on a decent crust, and get the waters into its hollows, and the residuary atmosphere cool and pure; that the history of its life should begin with its lichens, the mosses and the ferns, and should reach to man, — constitutes a clear progression, and compels us to report, of our portion of the universe, that it is forever looking up. *S. of A.* 15.

Modern science glorifies theism

Neither of the two modern discoveries, namely, the immense extension of the universe in space, and its unlimited development in time, has any effect on theistic faith, except to glorify it. A tissue of intellectual order infinitely wide, a history of ascending growth immeasurably prolonged, surely open to the human mind which can read them both everything that can be asked for a spectacle entirely divine. No one could ever have supposed that religion was hurt by these discoveries, had not Christendom unhappily

bound up its religion with the physics of Moses and of Paul. *S. of A.* 17.

Science has enlarged temple of nature

Who would not own that we live in a more glorious universe than they? Who would go to a Herschel and say: "Roof over your stellar infinitudes, and give me back the solid firmament, with its waters above and its clouds beneath; find me again the third story of the heavens, where the apostle heard the ineffable words"? Who would demand of a Darwin, "Blot out your geologic time, and take me home again to the easy limits of six thousand years"? Who, I say, not in the interests of science, but in the very hour of his midnight prayer, would wish to look into skies less deep, or to be near a God whose presence was the living chain of fewer ages? It cannot be denied that the architects of science have raised over us a nobler temple, and the hierophants of Nature introduced us to a sublimer worship. *S. of A.* 17.

The poem of the universe

God transcends the universe, goes out beyond it, and includes in his Mind a thou-

sand possible universes besides; but also he occupies the universe, and makes it plastic to his thought and articulate to his affection. . . . That God is a Spirit has not hindered him from shaping the vault of night and hanging it with stars; or from tinting the tender blue of day, save where it shrinks from the glory of the sun; or from spreading the sheet of sea and streaking it with green and gold; or from poising the summer clouds to fling the chase of purple shadows on the hills; or from shining through the cool light of the spring woods. These are the works of his Creativeness, — the appeal of his beauty to our hearts, — the mighty poem he improvises through all the rhythm of the universe. *H. of T.* II. 344.

God Immanent, but Transcendent

We are sometimes told that to identify natural powers with Divine Causality is *Pantheistic;* and there are men who think it more fatal to lose the universe in God than God in the universe, though it would seem, if one or other must be lost, the devouter fate would be to be left alone with the Infinite Spirit than with the finite creation. *H. of T.* II. 109.

Whoever says in his heart, that God is *no more* than nature; whoever does not provide *behind the veil of creation* an infinite reserve of thought and beauty and holy love, that might fling aside this universe and take another; whoever fancies the universal order not a free choice but a necessary development of his perfections,— is bereft of the essence of the Christian faith, and is removed by only accidental distinctions from the atheistic worship of mere "natural laws." *H. of T.* II. 110.

Religion consists in *passing nature by*, in order to enter into *direct personal relation* with him, Soul to Soul. It is *not* Pantheism to merge all the life of the physical universe in him, and leave him as the inner and sustaining power of it all. It *is* Pantheism to *rest* in this conception; to merge him in the universe and see him only there; and not rather to dwell with him as the Living, Holy, sympathizing Will, on whose free affection the cluster of created things lies and plays, as the spray upon the ocean. *H. of T.* II. 114.

GOD IN THE CONSCIENCE

Nature's revelation of God not sufficient

From the bare study of nature, apart from the experiences of the human soul, little could be learned of God, and that little so doubtful and so cold, so analogous to our knowledge of mere forces, so alien to the demand of our affections, that though it might put the crown upon our science, it would be unworthy to tie the sandals of our religion. *H. of T.* II. 195.

The need of a moral revelation of God

To set to rest our anxieties, to fix our conceptions of God's *moral nature*, to present him in living relation to our affections and our conscience, Space and Time and Motion are of no avail: the expression needed is one that will correct and contradict the negative uniformity of these; it can be nothing but a free mind, acting under conditions, encountering problems, moving amid sorrows and temptations, which we can interpret and understand. *H. of T.* II. 214.

The divine word in man

God expresses himself in a deeper and diviner form than the book and laws of visible nature: the *natural conscience* of every individual soul is his own pure Word, by which we know at once the Law he loves, and feel the demand of his wakeful eye. Declining to be judged from without, he comes to us readily within; transcending our criticism, he bends to our sympathies; hiding himself in august reserve in the great fields of space and time, he meets us freely in the private lot.

H. of T. II. 198.

The absolute Right

The rule of right, the symmetries of character, the requirements of perfection, are no provincialisms of this planet: they are known among the stars: they reign beyond Orion and the southern cross: they are wherever the universal spirit is; and no subject mind, though it fly on one track forever, can escape beyond their bounds. *S. of R.* I. 26.

Moral gravitation

The sense of Duty is to our humanity what gravitation is to the physical universe.

Ess. IV. 302.

Not more certainly does Perception teach us what is external to our senses, and Consciousness what lies beyond our Personality, than that the authority of Justice, Purity, Truth is no manufacture of my own, but is imposed upon me by a Divine source above me. *H. of T.* II. 200.

The voice of Duty — whence?

The voice of Duty, — what is it, if it be *not* the suggestion of God? Is it the mandate of your own fancy, imposed upon yourself, — the mere imperative mood in the soliloquies of your own will? Not so; for were the law of your making, you might forgive its violation, and the thought that set it up might take it down; yet you feel its authority above your reach, and your boast of indifference to be a sad pretence. Is it a mere echo of men's opinion, — a deference to their arbitrary demands? Not so; for how often does it lift you above that

opinion, nerve your heart to withstand the injustice of a crowd, and to fight the good fight though in the forlorn hope alone! As well might you persuade me that my own eyes created the daylight or that the sunshine was the gift of public opinion, as that the sense of right was anything but the direct illumination of God, the piercing ray of the great Orb of souls. *H. of T.* II. 199.

Duty always something higher than our highest

Plant me where you will upon *that which is*, I must look across a chasm to *that which ought to be*. The kingdom of heaven remains within; and only broken gleams from it are reflected from the world without. Right and wrong are nowhere clearly set in the sunshine, or painted definitely out in the opposite characters of men; but are mixed up together, as if the combinations of fact took no notice of the distinctions of thought, and some weakness of nature fell short of the design of God. *H. of T.* I. 145.

Whence but from God the vision that ever haunts us of a purer and more perfect order in our daily life, — an order less in-

dulgent to our ease, more faithfully accounting for our time, more fresh from our affections? Who is it that smites us to the heart when the petulant word has escaped the lips, or the shameful indulgence degraded our will, or fear and distrust spilt our resolve as water on the ground? What eye is it that looks in upon our infatuation, when, after being brought trembling to the very verge of true repentance, we rush in our pride into self-excuse instead, and parch up the inward tears of godly sorrow by the dry heats of a false defiance? It is not *we* that conduct all this sad strife and administer this deep experience; we neither fetch our own inspirations nor inflict our own retributions. It is a holier Spirit that broods near us, and flings athwart us his shadow or his flash; and till we have confused our vision, and let the transparent air grow thick, he comes to us with an authority that is its own credential. *H. of T.* II. 69.

Human Free-Will

Are we, then, like the heavens and the earth, but phenomena of his ordered activity? and our faculties, like the energies of the natural

world, only the ways of his operation? In my acts of memory, is it he that remembers? of understanding, he that reasons and learns? of affection, he that loves? Then, in my sin, it must be he that falls, and that, in my contrition, returns to a right mind.

H. of T. II. 108.

By *Self* we mean the will internal: by "God" we mean the will external: by *cause* we mean either. *S. of R.* II. 167.

The whole system of moral conceptions, feelings and language, rests upon the belief in Free-Will, and deals with man as the real cause of what he is and does. But for this, who could suffer compunction for a lie any more than a squint, or shame for delirium tremens any more than for typhoid fever, or feel more indignant disgust at the crimes of a Cæsar Borgia than at the rapacity of a wolf. Remorse for sin is impossible but for the consciousness that it lies at our door.

Ess. IV. 300.

How can a man do more than the very wickedest thing that comes before his choice at the time? *H. of T.* I. 141.

God and man separate

So far as we are *persons*, we are set up for ourselves, entrusted by his will with a certain store of individual faculty, and by his abstinence protected in its free exercise upon alternative possibilities. *H. of T.* II. 117.

One *personal* existence cannot be merged in another, so that there shall be only a single agent for the acts of both: the artist who copies the beauty of the world is other than the Creator who invented it; and the mind that discovered the law of gravitation is not the mind that enacted it.

H. of T. II. 115.

Preserve the Human Will

Let all perish if you will: but preserve the *Human Will* from annihilation; for if this sink, the divine irruption designed to purity does but turn creation into a vast dead sea occupied by God. *Life*, II. 310.

GOD AS SPIRIT

The realm of the spirit

There is that in us which is above the natural life, and apprehends what lies beyond it. Just as God is not imprisoned in the universe, but transcends it, and in that outlying realm is hindered by no pledge from acting freely out of fresh affections, so have we a range of free ideal life. This is what we mean by Spirit — this liberty to move alternatively out of the thought and love of a reasonable mind. *Ess.* IV. 579.

The mystic side of religion

God is spirit, in so far as he is not locked up in the invariable order of the world; and there is a spirit in man, in so far as he is not disposed of by his organism and his dwelling-place, but rises in thought and directs himself in affection to what is above them. Here it is that there is room for true communion — that spirit may meet spirit, and that the sacred silence may itself speak

the exchange of love. . . . The life with God, of which saintly men in every age have testified, is no illusion of enthusiasm, but an ascent, through simple self-surrender, to the higher region of the soul, the very watch-tower whence there is the clearest and the largest view. *Ess.* IV. 579.

The Internal Deity

It is as the *mind*, directly accessible to all other minds; seen most in the sanctity and greatness of others' souls, — felt most in the secret faiths, the true remorse, the diviner aspirations of our own; as an internal Deity known to immediate consciousness, and exercising that mysterious influence of spirit over spirit, the higher over the lower nature in infinite gradation, which would remain though the outward universe were cancelled, — it was thus that he was discerned by Jesus, and so revealed to us.

N. D. 234.

This coalescence of the Divine nature exclusively with what we know to be the highest elements in our own; his openness solely to our Reason, our Conscience, our

earnest love of truth and right, is what I understand by the spirituality of God.

H. of T. II. 21.

Cannot define the mystic line

I pretend not to define the limits of divine agency in the human soul, and to show precisely where man ends and God begins. It is the glory of Christ that he has forever blended the two personalities in close relation; made it impossible for thought to untwine them, and compelled philosophy to leave, without distinction, that which God has made so, and take away its hard lines where he has put the melting colors that mingle earth and sky. *N. D.* 234.

Spirit may meet Spirit, and the sacred silence may itself speak the exchange of love. *Ess.* IV. 579.

CHRIST THE DIVINE WORD

The unity of God and man

In opening to us this co-essentiality with God through his own personality, did Jesus show us what is true of his own individuality alone? On the contrary, he stands, in virtue of it, as the spiritual head of mankind. What you predicate of him in actuality is predicable of all in possibility. This interpretation of his life on earth carries the Divine essence claimed for him into our nature as his brethren. In him, as our representative, we learn our summons and receive our adoption as children of God. The "Incarnation," thus extended from the person of Christ to the nature of man, may fitly be called "the central mystery of revealed religion." *Life*, II. 481.

Natural religion is that in which man finds God. Revealed religion is that in which God finds man. *N. D.* 214.

God's revelation not limited to Christ

It is thought incredible that a Being infinite as God should reveal himself through anything so small as the person of a man, or become in any way identified with one particular created soul. And so it would be, if his special *presence with Christ* involved his *absence* from any corner of the universe, — if his light were fainter in other minds for being so rich and full in Christ's. Whoever conceives that *God in person* came and lived the human life, and so dwelt in the villages of Galilee and the courts of Jerusalem, as to be in the least withdrawn from Thessaly and Rome, has a faith worthy of the Lycaonian peasants, who took Barnabas for Jupiter and Paul for Mercury.

H. of T. II. 211.

The infinite cannot become finite, the Eternal retire into time. But what hinders a limited nature being filled throughout and pervaded by the unlimited? In excluding all but himself from the spirit of Christ, and permitting neither shade nor flaw in the clearness of his image there, God did not vacate any other medium of expression.

No star throughout the firmament missed him the more, that he so purely shone in that fair life. *H. of T.* II. 212.

Christ unique in degree only

The question is often pressed upon us whether we are to regard Jesus as a *unique* being, differing, not in degree only, but also in kind, from the just and wise and saintly of every age. I answer by a parable: he that always hits the mark does not differ in kind from those whom he surpasses; yet, if all others fall short of this, he is unique.

H. of T. II. 217.

All souls akin to Christ

We cannot deny to faithful, heroic, and holy men, to a Socrates, a Marcus Aurelius, a Blaise Pascal, an approach to Christ upon the same line, nor claim for him any pre-eminence that removes them from his fellowship. *H. of T.* II. 218.

All goodness one

Nor can we speak otherwise of God himself. He also, with all the infinitude of his perfections, is still but the Father of spirits, and on the side of moral goodness differing from his children only in degree: however

vast the interval, it is one on which movement never ceases to be possible: the obedience of the little child that tells the truth or keeps his word and suffers, is akin to the fidelity of God, who will not break his promise to the universe. *H. of T.* II. 218.

The persuasiveness of Christ

God reveals himself in our own natural hearts, and vindicates the holiness of his will in the surmises of our conscience. But, somehow, we only half believe them, while they lie hid in our lonely mind: we feel them as they pass, without framing them into a faith: they remain states of ourselves instead of visions of our Judge. Only when we see their form embodied in another, who realizes what we had scarcely imagined, and puts the actual to shame by living out the possible, are our eyes opened to know that we have been conversing with immortal things. *H. of T.* II. 215.

A visible person entirely holy, living and dying in simple trust and pure obedience, loving nothing but what is dear to God, pitying what is sad before him, and severe only to the guilt that lies beneath his frown;

a being of sweet and tender humanities, yet transfigured with the intimate converse of divine realities; a spirit, in short, at once grand and gracious as that of Jesus; bears down upon us with a persuasion which neither the whispers of our natural heart nor the thunders of supernatural power can ever exercise. *H. of T.* II. 215.

Christ's theory of God

Blessed be the name of the prophet of Nazareth, that in him we have a living standard, a true and pure image, by which our imaginations may wisely adjust their conceptions, and our hearts regulate their love of the Providence that rules our lives; that he has taught us that trust in the affectionateness of God which is the genuine Christian faith; that while science effects fresh conquests, and spreads the thought of that great Being through vaster circles of eternity and wider tracts of the celestial space, he keeps our Father dwelling close within our conscience and our homes, and presents him to the tenderness of our heart as well as to the admiration of our awe-struck minds! *N. D.* 232.

SPIRITUAL REALITIES

Witness of the Spirit 33
Communion with God 40
Ebb and Flow 46
Quietism and Self-Surrender 50
The Bread of Life 55
Forgiveness of Sins. 62

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT

Modern doubt

Were I to try to give expression to the sort of doubt which saps our moral strength, I should do it in the language of a theory which pervades the atmosphere of modern thought, and may well affect us, though we know it not. "Religion," we perhaps think, "is a beautiful creation of the human soul, the embodiment of her highest aspiration and intensest hope, her acknowledgment of Law, her sigh of guilt, her gaze of love, her solace for death, her picture of eternal perfectness. It is at least her sublimest effort, and an affecting testimony to the sweet and solemn depth of her nature. But whether, as she wanders through its scenery, she wakes and sees, or only dreams, is more than we can surely tell. Perhaps she has made her creed by giving names to the shapes of thought within her, and then turning them out to dwell as visions in the external space and

light. As fear calls up the ghost it dreads to see, and grief projects upon the air an image of the dead, so perhaps may human faith only paint its heaven and invent its God." This is the misgiving which weakens the present age for great enterprises, and fills it with a certain tolerant sadness, patient of human trusts, but uninspired by them.

H. of T. I. 48.

"I speak that I do know"

No man of veracious mind can be content until this doubt is dissipated. He cannot let it remain doubtful whether his religion is a mere phantom-world, floating across the wall of thought; or accept compliments upon its majesty and grace, as if it were a free creation of his soul. Talk to him as if its reality was only *relative to him*, and was unknown to the firm eternal universe, and your very gentleness insults and hurts him. "I speak," he will reply, "that I do know, and testify that which I have seen; and if you receive not my witness as true, spare me your praise that it is beautiful. The divine objects I announce *are there*, and the light by which I see them has no glory but

as it flows from their reality; were it self-kindled, it would be but a darkness turned into fire." *H. of T.* I. 49.

Scepticism not always an honest doubt

The scepticism which men affect towards their higher inspirations is often not an honest doubt, but a guilty negligence, and is a sign of narrow mind and defective wisdom. *H. of T.* I. 54.

Why trust the blind heart instead of the seeing?

If others cannot perceive the Holy Spirit that looks on us through the veil of life and nature, — if in low moods of thought I lose the blessed Presence myself, and begin to ask whether it was a vision, — why should I trust the blind heart instead of the seeing, and believe the Night rather than the Day? Is it more likely that the pure soul from its own sunbeams should weave imaginary sanctities, than that the impure by its turbid clouds should hide the real ones? No; it is when inward confusion prevails in the conscience that doubt becomes our tempter, and says daily unto us, "Where is thy

God?" When the fogs of earth lie thick around us, it puts the telescope into our hands, and says, "Now show us your stars!" We may retort the charge of brilliant dreaming, and say that our miserable doubts are but the black shadow of our own spiritual disorder thrown upon the universe and turning it into the negative of God.

H. of T. I. 48.

The vision of sense and of reason

For my own part, without in the least denying that it is possible for an idealizing fervor to see too much, I believe we are in more danger from the dulness which sees too little. Will you depend upon your own faculties in proportion as they are simply animal, and deny them in proportion as they are divine? — confide in your eyesight and give the lie to the conscience and affections? *H. of T.* I. 55.

The herds that low amid the Alpine echoes have, no less than you, the outline of the everlasting hills and the verdure of the pine-cleared slope painted on their vision, and the chant of the distant torrent swelling and fainting on their ear: is their

perception truer, are they nearer to reality, because they cannot, with you, meet the sublime gaze of nature and see through to the eternity of God? *H. of T.* I. 55.

The grandeur and the glory that you behold, are they not *there?* the divine expressiveness, the speaking appeal to your silent worship, the mingling of something secret with your spirit, as if unseen thought were flowing from the mountains and the sky, to meet the answering radiation of your soul, — are these, which are the human privilege, a phantom of unreality — a delusion which the fortunate brutes escape? It is impossible! Call it imagination, call it wonder, call it love, whatever it be that shows us the deeper significance of the world and humanity and makes the difference between the surface light of sagacity and the interpenetrating glow of worship, we owe to it whatever highest truth, whatever trustiest guidance, we have.

H. of T. I. 56.

The objective reality

The *objective persistence* of a living Holiness is just the one steadying and sustaining

power which condenses flying humors into force of conscience, and animates the waking toils of life with the glow of its divinest dreams. The women whom you could not frighten, and the men whom you could not move to say the false or do the wrong,— have they not been pre-eminently (I do not say exclusively) those who stood face to face with the Living Judge of Right, and in their own incorruptible perception heard His voice — "Stand fast, for I am with you"? *Ess.* IV. 280.

Ideal substitutes for God

We have only to substitute for the familiar terms of personal piety, which speak of "God" and the human "Soul," any of their supposed modern equivalents when the "Metaphysics" are discharged, and then estimate the gain or loss. Will then the Benedicite swell with the same tones of joy, when it has to sing, "Bless the *Eternal Law*, all ye its works; bless the Eternal Law, O my synthesis of organs"? Will the contrition which now cries, "Blot out my transgressions," "Cast me not away," "A broken heart Thou dost not despise,"

pour out its sorrows to a deaf "ideal," and shed its passionate tears on an abstraction that cannot wipe them away? Will any moonlit form be seen kneeling in our Gethsemanes, and rising from prostrate anguish to sublime repose through the prayer, "O thou *Eternal Not-ourselves that makest for righteousness*, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt"? Will any Crucified one lose the bitterness of Death in crying, "*O Stream of Tendency*, into thy hands I commit my spirit"? And to the Martyr, stoned to death, will any Heaven open and any Vision come, when he exclaims, "*Great Ensemble of Humanity*, receive me"? I cherish the hope that our "Modern Thinker," after vain trial of such devotions, may return to his rest, and say with a natural reversion of heart, "O Thou once Unknown, I thank Thee that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, Thou hast revealed them unto babes." *Ess.* IV. 282.

COMMUNION WITH GOD

Communion with God possible

I know of nothing in the constitution of this universe at all at variance with our natural faith in a personal intercourse with God, in his openness to our appeal, and our susceptibility to his spirit. *H. of T.* II. 224.

The divine cause lends itself to the divine spirit

God's rule of action in nature we have every reason to regard as unalterable: established as an inflexible and faithful basis of expectation; and so far embodying the essential conditions of intellectual and moral life; and for that reason, not open to perpetual variation on the suggestion of occasional moral contingencies. *H. of T.* II. 233.

God, however, is infinite, . . . and the laws of nature do not *exhaust* his agency. There is a boundless residue of disengaged faculty beyond. . . . Behind and amid all

these punctualities of law abides, in infinite remainder, the living and unpledged spirit of God. . . . Here he has made no rule but the everlasting rule of holiness, and given no pledge but the pledge of inextinguishable love. *H. of T.* II. 227.

The infinite reserve of Spirit

This is the ground of our trust and love: God is not merely the power of nature, but the Father of spirits: his resources are not spent and used up in the legislation of the physical universe, but are large enough to overflow freely and copiously into the spirits that are in the likeness of himself. Hence, without violated rule, without breach of pledge, he can individualize his regards, enter with his gentle help into every mind, and while keeping faith with the universe, knock at the gate of every lonely heart.

H. of T. II. 227.

The men who prate perpetually of the universality of natural laws, and of their recognition as the sole worship of God, lose sight of this vastest and highest function of the Divine nature, and casting their lead

into the shallows of phenomenal existence, imagine they have sounded the unfathomable Mind. *H. of T.* II. 229.

The ring-fence to keep out God

There is something strange and unintelligible in the anxiety of a pretended rationalism to get rid of the inspiring God, to make sure that our nature will be quite let alone, to environ it with an impassable ring-fence, and plant sentry-boxes of argument all round, to exclude the possible encroachments of anything Divine. *H. of T.* I. 298.

Prayer not a monologue

What is Prayer? I do not refer to the mind's attempt to operate upon itself by speaking the thoughts and personating the desires of devotion; acting the suppliant's part in order to rise into the suppliant's spirit; practising an hypocrisy in order to win a sincerity. Passing by this poor mockery, I speak of a direct and mutual communion of spirit with spirit between ourselves and God, in which he receives our affection and gives a responsive breathing of his inspiration. *H. of T.* II. 224.

Religion cannot subsist on silence

The whole structure of our nature is made for utterance, — for sympathy, — for interchange of thought with thought and love with love; and not more certain is it, that to one who never heard the human voice or looked on the face of his kind Reason would dwindle and Affection wither up, than that they who have no converse with the Highest must find Religion languish, and holy peace entirely die.

H. of T. II. 222.

What is Prayer?

Prayer is the soul's act in laying itself consciously open at the feet of God; it is the gush of tenderness with which the spirit pours forth its burning emotions of veneration and love; it is the joy, or the agony, or the shame of placing the mind as it is, in contact with the great Parent mind, that its sins may become clearer, its wants more craving, that its life may be quickened, and its sympathies refreshed. *Misc.* 41.

The utility of Prayer

Do you ask, "What good is it? Will it signify to God?" . . . Ask your Maker

what is the use of the tear, the laugh, the clasped hands of supplication, or the returning exile's fall upon the neck to rest and sob. These things are not useful contrivances, but natural language. *H. of T.* II. 345.

We, no more than our fathers, can be content to spend all our time in the field, in the street, or even by the hearth at home. The generations may perish; but between the spirit of man and the spirit of God, the relation is steady and eternal, — an asking from below, a benediction from above.

The answer to prayer

Let any true man go into communion; strip himself of all pretence, and selfishness, and sensuality, and sluggishness of soul; lift off thought after thought, passion after passion, till he reaches the inmost deep of all; and it will be strange if he does not feel the Eternal Presence as close upon his soul as the breeze upon his brow. The true proportions and the genuine spirit of life open on his heart with infinite clearness, and show him the littleness of his temptations and the grandeur of his trust. He

discovers with astonishment how small the dust that has blinded him, and from the height of a quiet and holy love looks down with incredulous sorrow on the jealousies and fears and irritations that have vexed his life. A mighty wind of Resolution sets in strong upon him, and freshens the whole atmosphere of his soul; sweeping down before it the light flakes of difficulty, till they vanish like snow upon the sea. He is imprisoned no more in a small compartment of time, but belongs to an eternity which is now and here. The isolation of his separate spirit passes away. He is at one with Heaven, and hath found the secret place of the Almighty. *Endeavors*, 165.

EBB AND FLOW

There is a "further" and "nearer" with God

God, we say, is eternal and immutable. If by this we mean that there never was a time, and nowhere is a place, empty of his agency, it is most true. But if we mean that his agency is everywhere and always equal, — that it cannot be encountered more or less, — that it is the same in the life of an angel and in the gravitation of a stone, — that there is for us no nearer to him and no further from him, — we give expression, I believe, to the largest falsehood that can be framed. *H. of T.* I. 13.

Tides in life

Whether you stay at home and look in upon the composition of your own nature, or go out into the universe and providence of God, you will find this law: that, of his agencies and manifestations, it is the lowest that are least mutable, and most remain the same from first to last; whilst the highest have ever a tidal ebb and flow, —

moving in waves of time, and surprising inlets of space with their flood.

H. of T. I. 8.

Mind more fitful than body

Mind is more fitful than strength, less under steady control of the will, faster and further in its ebb, in proportion as it is fuller and grander in its flood. The thinker is dependent on moods which he cannot command or prolong. . . . At times a murky atmosphere appears to close in upon his soul and damp down its very flame into smoke. At another time he seems planted high in a pure and lustrous air — to look on nothing that does not shine with a self-light. Turn his interpreting eye where he will, he mingles with the meanings of things.

H. of T. I. 9.

Moods of the spirit

Who will venture to say that the highest insight of the spirit is even half as constant as the highest action of the mind? Ask the saintliest men and women of the world whether their holy watch was continuous, and their faith and love half as reliable as their thought; and they will tell you how long, even when they went up to be with the

Saviour on the Mount, have been the slumbers of unconsciousness, compared with the priceless moments when they were awake and beheld his glory. *H. of T.* I. 10.

Weary flats in life

In every earnest life there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight,— no sun, no moon, and not a tint of light upon the path below; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel. But to the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes away; the spirit leaves its witness with us; the divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present; the ear into which we poured our prayer is not deaf; the infinite eye to which we turned is not blind, but looks in with answering mercy upon us.

H. of T. I. 11.

The holiest have their moods

Tell me not that these undulations of the soul are the mere instability of enthusiasm

and infirmity. Are they not found in the greatest and deepest men, — Augustine, Tauler, Luther? Nay, did not the Son of God himself, the very type of our humanity, experience them more than all? Did he not quit the daily path, now for a Transfiguration, and now for a Gethsemane? did not his voice burst into the exclamation, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," yet also confess, "Now is my soul troubled"? And had he not his hours on the mountain all night? and what, think you, passed beneath those stars? These intermittent moments are the sign of divine gifts, not of human weakness. God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours. *H. of T.* I. 12.

Be assured then that in seeking to meet at intervals the high tides of God's spirit, you are in harmony with his sublimest providence, with a law of variation transcending any physical uniformity over which it sweeps. Reverence the holy custom, shelter from heedless slight the living impulse, that calls you to remember to aspire, to pray.

H. of T. I. 16.

QUIETISM AND SELF-SURRENDER

God revealed unto babes

To commune with God there is no need for subtle thought, no foreign tongue, no newest philosophy; "the pure in heart shall see him;" and Fox and Bunyan can more truly make him known than "Masters of Sentences" and "Angelic Doctors."

H. of T. I. 125.

A childlike trust of heart that can take a hand, and, wandering, walk in paths unknown and strange, is the prime requisite of all religion. *Endeavors*, 328.

Holy Spirit feminine

It is a significant fact that in all religious systems which, instead of representing God chiefly as *moral Lawgiver*, are fond of dwelling on him as the *Holy Spirit*, there the prophets are, or at least may be, *women*.

H. of T. I. 293.

The true attitude of the devout mind always involves a certain quietism and self-

relinquishment. Instead of pressing curiously forward, it sinks in meditation back, rests upon the moment as divine, and feels the very pavement beneath its feet as holy.

H. of T. I. 119.

Devotion *is* holy regulation, guiding hand and heart; a surrender of self-will, — that main source of uncertainty and caprice, — a loving subordination to the only rule that cannot change. *Endeavors*, 346.

The spirit of highest heroism before men stands as a little child before the face of God. *H. of T.* I. 120.

The sigh for union

We sigh for a conscious *union with God*, which is far from being implied in mere *obedience* to him; nay, which is excluded till obedience gives place to a freer and less reluctant harmony with him. *H. of T.* I. 292.

Morality — Devotion

Morality defines downward the duty of each; lives in the midst of human and natural details; attaches itself to the particular persons and concrete businesses of life.

Devotion opens its arms upwards to the Source of all; merges itself in the divine and supernatural Infinity; sighs after the universal spirit of all reality and ground of all appearance and secret tincture of all good and beauty. *H. of T.* I. 294.

Self-surrender true self-possession

It is the great marvel of the Christian character, that the completest *self-sacrifice* gives the completest *self-possession;* that only the captive soul, which has flung her rights away, has all her powers free; and that simply *to serve* under the instant orders of the living God, is the highest qualification for command. This is the meaning of that great saying of Cromwell's, "*One never mounts so high as when one knows not whither one is going*": a saying which "the wise and prudent" scorned as a confession of blindness, but which reveals to simpler minds the deepest truth. *H. of T.* I. 121.

There is no instrument so tremendous in this world as a human soul committed to what is diviner than itself: it is as the two-edged sword of the Spirit with the scabbard

thrown away; and wherever difficulties are to be cleft, and fiends of evil to be cut down, there it will be found, flashing on the Providential field. *H. of T.* I. 123.

No sublimer spectacle do I know on earth, than the faculties of a grand and passionate nature, as in a Socrates or a Paul, falling into stillness before the face of God, and by the awful light of his countenance turned from a stormy nobleness into a loving and working power. It is a spectacle which emerges painfully and rarely from the battle of the will, spontaneously and often from the repose of faith. *H. of T.* I. 341.

Let there be a conscious affiliation with God; and as he pervadeth all things, a unity is imparted to life, and a stability to the mind, which put not happiness indeed, but character and will, above the reach of circumstance: a current of pure and strong affections, fed by the fount of bliss, pours from hidden and sunlit heights, and winds through the open plains and dark ravines of life, till its murmurs fall into the everlasting deep. *Endeavors*, 103.

Self-abandonment to God characteristic of Christ

Self-abandonment to God, uttermost surrender, without reserve or stipulation, to the guidance of the Holy Spirit from the Soul of souls, pause in no darkness, hesitation in no perplexity, recoil in no extremity of anguish; but a gentle unfaltering hold of the invisible Hand, of the Only Holy and All Good; — these are the features that have made Jesus of Nazareth the dearest and most sacred image to the heart of so many ages. *H. of T.* II. 14.

Trust the good man's trusts

Let us trust the good man's trusts, and fling ourselves into the Everlasting Arms that have cherished and protected the faithful and saintly of all times. Abide with us, O Lord, and breathe into us the peace of hearts stayed upon Thee! *H. of T.* II. 15.

THE BREAD OF LIFE

The aliment of the good

"I have meat to eat that ye know not of." What words could more pathetically hint at the spiritual source of strength in that unique career, — that aliment of the holy, true, and good which Plato says is the common well-spring for the thirst of all minds, divine and human? This it is which takes away the hardness of duty, and gives a sweetness to affection, and mingles a sanctity with experience. *H. of T.* I. 144.

The secret trust of conscience

There is an invisible and transcendent element in *Duty*, which at once defines and inspires it; clears its form and turns it from a human reluctance into a divine joy. It is in vain that we look around and consult the outward world, and take up now with this example, now with that, in order to find what we ought to be and do. So long as Conscience tries to "live by sight and not by faith," and cannot stay at home with God, but must go forth into the desert or the

city at every call of "Lo! here," and "Lo! there," it can only pass from thraldom to thraldom and find no true Deliverer.

H. of T. I. 144.

Right by social vote

Vain is the trust in the current sentiments and recognized standard of society around. It is a miscellaneous multitude of the foolish and frivolous as well as of the wise and faithful, which votes into existence the moral opinion of a community; and its level can never rise above half-tide, except when some mighty wind of genius and goodness sets in from the deep, and for an hour builds it up to flood. From its very nature, social law asks no more than men of all sorts agree to demand of one another; and lets off with impunity the follies it is prudent to wink at, and the sins it is not convenient to forego; and if *this* is to be our measure of right, — to uphold us where we are, — low indeed must be our moral position, and precarious our standing even there. *H. of T.* I. 147.

Reliance on current sentiments

If we have only our little share in the public conscience, all that dignifies existence

is at the mercy of the veering winds, and all that consecrates it retires behind the cloud: not the goodness only, but the beauty and true adornment of life, oscillate into senseless distortions; and we shall deck ourselves, under Cromwell, in the winding-sheet of Puritanism, and in the next age in the lascivious robes of the Restoration, and will helplessly deliver ourselves in our time to those outrages on taste which bespeak vacuity or shamelessness of character. Unless we have some selecting principle within, the native affinity, the incorruptible reverence of a pure and modest nature, we have nothing to steady us under the swaying movements of custom. *H. of T.* I. 147.

It is by looking up beyond the actual; not by looking down into it, by seeking God within, not consulting men without, that you truly measure the divine claims upon you. A soul that goes apart with this divine sense of goodness has that to feed on which others think not of. *H. of T.* I. 148.

Sphere of duty — sphere of power

It is of the very essence of the sentiment of *duty*, to feel that we are charged with a

trust from God; and a trust can be devolved upon us only from one who is *outside* of us, and knows that we have an isolated power of our own. He gives the law, for us to execute: he is there, and we are here: he leaves us a field whose tillage or whose barrenness is ours: and conscience, in every utterance of self-reproach, confesses the power of self-command. This consciousness, that he is *lord* of something, inspires a man with self-asserting energy; quickens his sense of obligation; and makes him aware, as he casts his eye over that which is committed to his charge, that he has much to answer for in the good or evil administration of this world. His sphere of *duty* is his sphere of power.

H. of T. I. 289.

Temptations of power

There is a sphere in the life of every one in which he is appointed to *rule*, and to exercise some functions by the methods of his own will. *H. of T.* II. 39.

Would you know the real worth of any soul, be it another's or your own, *that* is

the sphere on which you must fix your eye. *H. of T.* II. 39.

How is it with you in your place of *power* — do you take liberties there, as if there were nothing to restrain, and fling about your self-will, as if it were free of all the field? *H. of T.* II. 39.

There is no surer mark of a low and unregenerate nature than this tendency of power to loudness and wantonness.

H. of T. II. 40.

Power is never felt *as power*, except by those who abuse it. *H. of T.* II. 40.

To souls baptized in Christian nobleness the largest sphere of command is but a wider empire of obedience. *H. of T.* II. 40.

Human conscience cannot stand alone

The human conscience can ill bear to stand alone, and draw all its incentives from communion with itself and with God: it needs the answering or warning glance of other minds: it is quickened by sympathy; it is nerved by resistance; and he who is so lifted into a solitary position, as to have

few equals and no apparent enemies, misses much of the invigorating discipline of life, and is perilously thrown on his own spontaneous faithfulness. *H. of T.* II. 43.

Genius not its own law

It is a favorite maxim that genius is its own law, and is appointed to legislate for others rather than be under rule itself. And it is true that it is from the productions of higher minds we rise to higher rules.

H. of T. II. 46.

But this is no excuse for *lawlessness*. That Bacon laid out the ground of all our sciences makes no better of his meanness; that Newton worked out the lunar theory does not improve his peevishness; that Byron wrote in strains of melody and pathos makes sadder than before his want of purity and reverence.

No man, however gifted, can set up for himself, and claim to be a "chartered libertine" in this world. *H. of T.* II. 47.

Every gift that declines to *serve* is no inspiration of God, but has lent itself to

some Satan promising it all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them.

H. of T. II. 47.

Great and sacred is obedience: he who is not able, in the highest majesty of manhood, to obey, with clear and open brow, a law higher than himself, is barren of all faith and love; and tightens his chains in struggling to be free. *Endeavors*, 328.

What was it that armed the Maid of Orleans for field and siege, and enabled her to erect again the prostrate courage of a nation? What was it that endowed a Washington with a power, in arms and peace, which no veterans could break, nor any rival supplant? It was this: that with them the exercise of command was itself the practice of obedience, — obedience to a high faith within the heart, to a venerated idea of duty and of God. *Endeavors*, 196.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS

"All we have sinned"

And who is free from some unfaithfulness? Moment by moment, the way of right is never left in the dark; temptations and duties, taken one by one, are always inwardly known for what they are. . . . Who but the dull and blind is not conscious of some disobedience? What face is always uplifted to the light of life and never darkened by the shadow of death? Is there one of us to whom the pure law of Christ, so lovely to see, so deep and musical to hear, lies realized in the past? *H. of T.* I. 196.

The faithful know most of guilt

Strange as it may seem, it is not the guilty that know the most of guilt: it is the pure, the lofty, the faithful, that are forever haunted by the sense of sin, and are compelled by it to throw themselves upon a love they never doubt yet cannot claim.

H. of T. I. 198.

Why do you hear from a Fénelon words of humiliation that never escape a Richelieu? why are the prayers of prophets and the hymns of saintly souls so pathetic in their penitence, so full of the plaintive music of baffled aspiration, like the cry of some bird with broken wing? It is because to them the truly infinite nature of holiness has revealed itself, and reveals itself the more, the higher they rise; because in its secret breathings to their hearts they recognize, not any romance of their own, but the communing Spirit of the Living God; because they can no more measure evil than you can measure hurt affection, by any scale of external magnitude, but, like all violated love and honor, by the inner intensity of its unworthiness and the sanctity of the personal claims which it insults.

H. of T. I. 198.

The limits of forgiveness

Can God forgive our sin? Can he rescind any of the appointed sufferings of guilt? Can he treat our moral wrong as though it were a moral right, or only neutral? Can he alter the sinful past or relieve it by a

single shade of his disapproval? Can he be brought to see it other than it is?

Alas! human guilt and grief are not cleared out upon such easy terms, any more than you can purify the plague by a bill of indemnity. The universe has no cemetery where you can bury dead sins out of the way, and by giving them no monument let the earth be green above them as before.

H. of T. II. 54.

Moral law inexorable

If anywhere upon the track of time one sin were found to have escaped its punishment, if the rule were seen to waver and relent which joins suffering to the faithless will as its inseparable shadow, if ever he who "sets the poor with princes" were to set the wicked with his saints; this would be the death-blow to all moral faith, — a declaration that the foundations of life were crumbling beneath our feet, — a premonition of universal dissolution. As reason cannot move without presuming on the uniformity of nature; so must conscience rely on the unchangeableness of Law, and can worship only a God pledged never to treat

those who have been guilty like those who have not. *H. of T.* I. 108.

Even to God's forgiveness there is a limit beyond which possibility cannot go.
H. of T. II. 60.

What is forgiveness?

Is there no meaning, then, in the prayer "Blot out my transgressions, and remember not my sins"? no divine truth in that saying, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much"? Did it make no difference to Peter, that a look recalled him, and he went out and wept bitterly? Whence then the "joy in heaven over the sinner that repenteth"? *H. of T.* I. 109.

The removal of personal alienation

What is it that ever separates us from God? It is simply the unlikeness of our minds to his; — their low tastes and disproportioned desires; — their pride in what is naught to him, their indifference to what is all in all; — their devotion to the perishable *self* amid the flow of his everlasting love; — their slight of the truth he has so magnificently shown, and the holiness he has yet

more awfully secreted in the very heart of things. To remove the estrangement it only needs that we set our face the other way, and look to him with free response and trust. Of this *personal alienation* forgiveness is the removal. *H. of T.* I. 225.

Forgiveness to love

Free as our soul is to come back and cry at the gate; so free is he to open and fold us gently to his heart again. Weak indeed from the waste of all our strength, lame with our many wounds, in peril from our dim sight, and pain from treasured agonies, we must still be; and God can only say, "My poor child, I cannot help thee here: this burden must thou carry to its end." But still the penitent lives no outcast life: the light of reconciliation is upon him: he suffers and is very faint, and often his heavy cross weighs him to the earth: but he can bear the scourge of nature, now that he is withered by no scorching look of God.

H. of T. I. 113.

MORAL ASPECTS OF THE WORLD

Two Ways of Judging 69
Is Life worth Living? 74
The Dignity of Suffering 76

TWO WAYS OF JUDGING

The charge of the Cynic

It is the oldest, as it is the newest, reproach of the Cynic against the devout, that they construe the universe by themselves; attribute it to a Will like their own; tracing in it imaginary vestiges of a Moral plan, and expecting from it the fulfilment of their brilliant but arbitrary dreams.

H. of T. II. 348.

With childish self-exaggeration, it is said, we fancy creation governed like a great human life, — peopled with motives, preferences, and affections, parallel to ours, — its light and heat, its winds and tides, its seasons and its skies, administered by choice of good or ill, transparent with the flush of an infinite love, or suffused with the shadow of an infinite displeasure. We set at the helm of things a glorified humanity; and that is our God. *H. of T.* II. 349.

Our diviner visions not false

Be it so. Are you sure that the security is not good? Are we so made as to learn

everything from the external world, and nothing out of ourselves? Grant the allegation. Let our diviner visions be the native instinct, the home inspiration, of our thought and love: are they therefore false, because *we* think them? illusory, because beautiful relatively to us? Am I to believe the register of my Senses, and to contradict the divinations of Conscience, and the trusts of pure Affection? Have our senses the monopoly of knowledge, and the surmises of our conscience, and love nothing true?

H. of T. II. 349.

Each faculty judges for itself

The wiser position surely is, that the Mind is a balanced organ of truth all round: that each faculty sees aright on its own side of things, and can measure what the others miss: the hand, the palpable; the eye, the visible; the imagination, the beautiful; the spirit, the spiritual; and the will, the good. *H. of T.* II. 350.

Cynicism leads to Pessimism

The Cynic in society becomes the Pessimist in religion. The large embrace of sympathy which fails him as interpreter of

human life, is no less wanting when he reads the meaning of the universe. The harmony of the great whole escapes him in his hunt for little discords here and there. He is blind to the august balance of nature, in his preoccupation with some breathing show of defect. He resorts to the pettiest reasons for the most desolating thoughts: "If God were good, why should I be born with a club-foot? if the world were justly governed, how could my merits be so long overlooked?" *H. of T.* I. 98.

Faith implies sympathy

We readily acknowledge a moral character of faith in our relations with one another. You come for the first time into intercourse with a stranger. There is a clear confiding light in his eye, and a free sit in his features, and a frank flow in his speech, which make you feel in a moment that you are not watched, but trusted. You are introduced to another man, more studiously gracious than the former: but the smile upon his face is not alive; his laugh has not the sincere ring of the vibrating soul; his eye seems to carry his attention beyond what

you are saying to yourself; his words, with all their smooth flow, reveal his thoughts and nature as little as a protocol. You stand before the *unfaith* of the critic, not with the sympathy of the man; and you know what to expect, if you say a thing too foolish or too wise. Each of these men comes into your society with an hypothesis lurking in his heart, — the one of trust, the other of distrust. *H. of T.* I. 95.

May not the Author of the universe ask from us as sympathetic a faith as we demand from each other? *H. of T.* I. 57.

Self-love a false estimate of life

If we listen to our self-love, we shall estimate our lot less by what it is than by what it is not; shall dwell on its hindrances, and be blind to its possibilities; and, comparing it only with imaginary lives, shall indulge in flattering dreams of what we should do, if we had but power, and give, if we had but wealth, and be, if we had no temptations. *H. of T.* II. 75.

An Epicurean world inevitably makes an Epicurean God; and when we cease to do

anything from spontaneous loyalty to the great Ruler, we necessarily doubt whether he can have occasion to do anything for us.

Endeavors, 270.

Selfish discontent spiritual suicide

The only life which is not worth living is not of God's giving, but of our own creation, the life of *no duty, no love, no trust*; which is indeed separated by an immeasurable interval from its opposite, and amounts to a spiritual suicide of our humanity. Nothing brings us nearer to the verge of this state than the nursing of selfish discontent.

H. of T. II. 74.

Spurious resignation

God forbid that I should seem to sanction with a single word that lazy and spurious resignation which gives way to the evils and infirmities it ought to cure, which bemoans the dust it has but to wipe away, and after poisoning by sinful negligence many a possible nobleness and joy, weeps at its sick looks when it begins to pine, and appears as chief mourner when it dies. Such a temper is but the rotting foliage of a dead religion; and must be left to its natural decay. *H. of T.* II. 74.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

The measure of life

The preponderance of pain is the point on which the pessimist bestows his labor. And it is easy to paint the living world in the rosy tints of a summer morning, or exhibit all things shivering in the night of wintry storms. Have we not a common measure by which to strike the balance? Usually it has been assumed in the *willingness to live.* So long as this remains the pessimist could never make out his case.

S. of R. II. 74.

The challenge of Schopenhauer

"The boundless clinging to life," says Schopenhauer, "cannot be attributed to knowledge and reflection: in the view of these it is an insanity; for the objective value of life is a dubious affair, and it is questionable whether it is preferable to non-existence; but if experience and reflection are called to council non-existence can hardly fail to win. Knock at the graves and ask the dead

whether they would rise again; they will shake their heads." If they be very dyspeptic dead, perhaps they will; else should you be surprised if one were to say, "Yes, try me again, and I will do better"; and the poet to exclaim, "Just for a few years, to write my last cantos"; and the statesman, "Well, I *should* like to see this passage of history played out"; and the mother, "Let me only come back till my wandering boy's return"; and even Schopenhauer himself, "A little time I did certainly want to finish my proof that life is an unhappy dream"?

Can it be denied that these answers would be as reasonable as they are natural? do they not pitch upon real elements of worth in life? and are they not a fair sample of the interests and reasons which attach us to it? and is it not true that in proportion as these interests and reasons drop away, the aspect of death becomes placid and the wish to linger disappears? *S. of R.* II. 74.

THE DIGNITY OF SUFFERING

Suffering and its balm

At the side of every suffering by which God has dignified our nature he has set a belief to assuage it, to consecrate it, to turn it from weakness and confusion into strength and wisdom. The powers that deepen terribly the sense of ill, exalt gloriously the faith in good: they cast us into the midst of sorrow; but they throw us into the embrace of God. Faith is allowed us as the appointed antagonist of Fear; and none are so ready with the true courage and calmness of a man, as those whose trust is in One that is higher than man.

H. of T. II. 152.

"Ought not the Christ to suffer?"

However true it may be that "Man is born to trouble," he owes the distinction not to his inferior, but to his highest powers. Reason alone has the privilege of tears: Conscience trembles with remorse; creative Thought laments its poor performance; and

the light of Love casts the long shadow of death. Lift off these crowning faculties, and you remove at once our griefs and glory, and let us down to the poor level of unfallen Adam. If labour and sorrow come of the lapse in Paradise, we have reason to bless the sinning mother of all flesh, that she held not her hand from the forbidden fruit, and exchanged the grass and flowers of Eden for the rock, the thistle, and the thorn. It is not as child of the earth, but as a Son of God, that man has his heritage of care.

H. of T. I. 158.

Ease and prosperity may supply a sufficient school for the respectable commoners of character; but without suffering no man is ennobled. *S. of R.* II. 95.

The contingencies of life

Unless all character is to perish, the contingencies must stay. . . .

The inspirations that descend on us from the Past and make us heirs of accumulated thought and enriched affections — from whom chiefly do they come? From the central figures of the great tragedies of our humanity; from the conquerors of desolat-

ing monsters; from the creators of Law and tamers of the people; from love beyond death, that carried its plaintive music to the shades; from the avengers of wrong; from the martyrs of right; from the missionaries of mercy; from the pass of Thermopylæ; from the Sublician bridge; from the fires of Smithfield; from the waters of Solway; from the cross of Calvary. A world without a contingency or an agony could have no hero and no saint, and enable no Son of Man to discover that he was a Son of God. *H. of T.* I. 327.

The function of sorrow

Suffering opens the resources of sympathy, and no doubt in mean and selfish natures it may simply eat into the health and corrode the spirits, and rust over the fine-tempered weapons of existence; but in faithful and noble hearts how often does it open fresh fountains of power, and pour them forth in purer self-forgetfulness! *H. of T.* II. 293.

It is in the presence of sorrow and privation we most forget ourselves; and in many

a home the crippled child or the disabled father has trained to tenderness and considerateness the habits which would else have been self-seeking and frivolous.

S. of R. II. 96.

He who planted the germ of pity in the human heart must have meant to leave the root of Sorrow in human life. *H. of T.* 292.

The discipline of sorrow

It must be admitted that, but for its sorrow, the heart would seldom find its rest in God; even the cynic sees that, but gives the meaning wrong. He thinks it some mean fear that wrings forth the sufferer's prayer, and takes it in proof that religion is nothing but the lowest dregs of life, when the generous wine is all drained off. And so it would be if there were no truth in it, and the sole reality lay in temporal well-being. To fall through the comforts into the pieties of life would be to exchange the substance for the shadow, and to cheat away misery by opiate dreams of superstition.

S. of R. II. 97.

No religion in prosperity and ease

But if the fading of external things brings out the inward lights, or the surrender of all aims and desires delivers us into the Divine hand, it appears certain that the truest piety is to be learned in the school of suffering. Strange to say, its usual characteristic is in a certain brightness and restfulness of spirit, free from the plaintive tones of painless religion; its faith is not shaken, but confirmed, by the shock. It is the observer that whimpers while the victim sings, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." *S. of R.* II. 97.

Where God finds deepest love

Men who think themselves best when they are happiest, are infected with the fever of self.

It is those on whose gratitude God has the greatest claim who are most disposed to judge harshly of his government.

Where is it that God, in his searching of the hearts of his children, hears the tones of the deepest love, and sees on the uplifted face the light of the most heartfelt gratitude?

Not where his gifts are most profuse, but where they seem most meagre; not where the suppliant's worship glides forth from the cushion of luxury through lips satiated with plenty and rounded by health; not within the halls of successful ambition, or even the dwellings of unbroken domestic peace; but where the outcast, flying from persecution, kneels in the evening on the rock whereon he sleeps; by the fresh grave, where, as the earth is opened, Heaven in answer opens too; by the pillow of the wasted sufferer, where the sunken eye, denied sleep, converses with a silent star, and the hollow voice enumerates in low prayer the scanty lists of comforts and the shortened tale of hopes.

Welcome, needful sorrow! first privilege of reason; highest problem of faith; welcome! deepest source of human love and most truthful expression of the Divine: lay us low beneath a Will better than our own; and keep fresh in our hearts the sanctities of the present and the sweet whispers of the future! *H. of T.* II. 294.

THE QUEST OF THE SIMPLE LIFE

Christ's Ranking of Aims 85
Religion and Life 93
The Casuistries of Business 99
An Age of Emasculated Conscience 103

CHRIST'S RANKING OF AIMS

First spiritual good, then physical necessities

In Christ's divine parable of trust, a contrast is drawn between what men must seek for themselves, and that which they must leave God to provide. The one great end of all their active powers is moral and spiritual good; while for temporal provision there is to be a surrender of themselves into the Divine hand. *H. of T.* I. 32.

Pious extravagance

This is treated as a piece of pious extravagance. It is thought out of the question for men hungry, thirsty, domestic, social, not planted in any pastoral Eden, but dwelling in crowded cities, to think of living like lilies; and so it would be, if by this were meant any idle standing still, to subsist on air or whatever else the heavens might send. *H. of T.* I. 32.

Does Christ mean that nothing should be done for subsistence? Look at the examples he gives of reliance on Divine provision. *H. of T.* I. 32.

Christ's divine parable

"Behold the fowls of the air; *God feedeth them.*" Do they, then, stay at home, and do nothing, expecting crumbs of manna to drop from rich tables in the skies? Are they found, empty of all appetency, regardless of the changing year, and hanging ever upon miracle? Why, their whole existence is a continued quest after that physical good which is *their* true and only end; and to pilfer the garden and the field, to skim and sip the stream, to dress their plumage with finer gloss, and sing the song of glad repletion, is their work from morn to night. What eager industry flutters in the spring around the skirts of the plantation, gathering the bits and brakes scattered for them by the winter's storm! What busy preparation, at autumn's first chill wind, wheels and musters overhead, for the long flight over Southern seas, the swift cheering on the slow, and the young wing supporting

the old! What studious watch, under the semblance of flashing sport, does the home-loving swallow keep! And is not this truly called a feeding of the creatures by their Maker? Is it not *his* hand that is opened, when they are filled with good? Yes; only, "that which he giveth them, *they gather*": he supplies their wants, not without activity of theirs, but by means of it; not by casual miracle, but by constant law; by putting his skill *within* them, as well as spreading his affluence *without*.

H. of T. I. 32.

Christ's rule

How can their life be quoted as an example to us? The answer is plain. The pursuit of physical good in a moral being should have no larger range than in an instinctive being; and the superadded power of the Will is to be engaged not in extending, but in preserving the measures of this range.

H. of T. I. 38.

He who *seeks* after "what he shall eat and what he shall drink" is one whose *chief conscious aim* is *to get such things:* he who seeks *first* "the kingdom of God" is

one whose chief conscious aim is *not to get them unworthily*. The one throws his whole reflective and directing powers into the work of instinct, madly enhancing, yet intellectually guiding, its intensity; infuriating the chase, yet giving it precision; and turning the innocent tendency of the creature into the clever passion of the demon. The other applies his thoughtfulness to the *control* of his instincts, and the establishment among them of the true divine subordination of the lower to the higher.

H. of T. I. 28.

The worldling — the fanatic — the Christian

The worldly man is not content with the prompting of natural appetite: it is not strong enough for him to rely on its doing enough for him; and he must add to it all the deliberative energies of his Will. The fanatic hates and fears his appetites: so long as they exist at all, they are too strong for his repose and will do too much for him; and for their annihilation he hurls against them all the force of Resolution. The Christian *trusts* his natural appetites to find him all needful physical good: believing

them neither an *over* provision nor an *under* provision, he lets their amount alone, and directs all his conscious aims to a higher point, the maintenance of the nobler affections in their loftier place. *H. of T.* I. 29.

In confining himself to the *regulation* of his natural aims, and the studious guardianship of the divine rights, so apt to be forgotten, of their highest ranks, he exercises a genuine *trust in Providence*, the very trust which Jesus enjoins. *H. of T.* I. 29.

The latitudinarian

A man is universally regarded as contemptible who spends his intelligence in nursing his health; and as degraded, who yokes his rational thought and his moral knowledge to the service of his animal appetites and passions. For him, the language of all nations recognizes the duty of subordinating to higher ends the very tendencies which are held to constitute a perfect guidance to the brute. *H. of T.* II. 297.

To get good is animal; to do good is human; to be good is divine. *Endeavors*, 319.

Men given over to gain

There are men voluntarily delivered over to the work of mere livelihood and gain, — men who, without the sad necessities and redeeming inspiration of affection, dwarf their whole nature to the scale of retail trade, who, instead of withstanding by a noble spirit the littleness of life, fall into it with glee and relish ; the paradise of whose hopes is a comfortable business, and the idol of whose admiration is the shrewd neighbor sure to make his fortune. To such a man all the depth and beauty of life are closed. The sweetest relations suggest nothing but shapes in his secular affairs ; his daughters are emblems of so many marriage chances, and his sons of so many apprentice fees ; and his charities and his church an investment in decent representation. *H. of T.* I. 232.

The hell of sordid interest

There is no hell so far from God, no exile so total, as the cares of sordid self-interest. *H. of T.* I. 232.

The materialization of life

Who can be so blind as to deny the dangers amid which we live? We have created around us a scale of opportunity, and temptation, and risk, frightfully vast. We are wholly out of reach of the narrow safety of simple and instinctive life. We stand in the presence of a gigantic amount of good and evil. Yet we have not stronger spirits to bear the mightier strain. So far as our condition forms us, we are less *complete* men, and therefore of less massive stability, than were our forefathers. The moral structure of society partakes of the character of those huge machines which have done so much to make at once its wealth and weakness: each man being but as a screw or pinion of the whole, locked into a system that holds him fast or whirls him on, and having no longer a separate symmetry and worth. *Endeavors*, 285.

The contrasts of civilization

The results indeed which are turned out from this involuntary co-operation of parts, are of overwhelming magnitude and won-

derful variety. Our country is a vast congeries of exaggerations. Enormous wealth and saddest poverty, sumptuous idleness and saddest toil, princely provision for learning and the most degrading ignorance, a large amount of laborious philanthropy, but a larger of unconquered misery and sin, subsist side by side, and terrify us by the preternatural contrast of brilliant coloring with blackest shade. I know not which is most heathenish, the guilty negligence of our lofty men, or the fearful degradation of the low. *Endeavors*, 285.

The return to the simple life necessary

It is not permitted us too curiously to search the hidden providences of our humanity; but one thing we cannot fail to notice: that a return to simple, undisguised affections,—to earnest and inartificial life,—is the march of every great and noble period, and all morally powerful and venerable men. *Endeavors*, 271.

RELIGION AND LIFE

Religion for this world

Be the life of a people or a period what it may, its religion must be equal to the whole of it, covering and pervading and penetrating every interest of action or of thought.

Ess. IV. 44.

A healthy change

Our days witness a recoil from the extreme inwardness of our forefathers' religion: human affections warm us more; human duties are nobler in our view; social interests are of deeper moment; and the whole scene of man's visible life, no longer the mere vestibule of an invisible futurity, has a worth and dignity of its own, which philanthropy delights to honor, and only fanaticism can despise. For my own part, I think the change a sign of nature's restorative power, and see in it the stirrings of new health.

Endeavors, 161.

In this are the first beginnings of new religion to replace the old: if the divine

earnestness within us only shifts and does not die, it matters little what becomes of our mere theology; and deep-hearted practical faithfulness is not separable long from true-thoughted practical faith. *Endeavors*, 161.

Not children of nature at ten and children of grace at four

We are not made to be children of nature at ten o'clock, and children of grace at four; nor is religion a separate business, a branch of study, a program lesson, that can be emptied out into an hour; but a life of every time, a spirit of all work. *H. of T.* II. 322.

Religion is the very respiration of all faithful and loving toil; and to detach it for minutes specially reserved, is like proposing to take your walk in the morning, and do your breathing in the afternoon.

H. of T. II. 322.

Not to measure men by their devotions

It would be a monstrous and a monkish rule to measure men in our time by their devotions; to admit to the glory of godliness every assured intimate of heaven, and

exclude from it every one from whom the living presence of the Most High is hid.

H. of T. I. 245.

Every man's highest his God

Every man's *highest*, nameless though it be, is his "*living God*": while, oftener than we can tell, the being on whom he seems to call, whose history he learned in the catechism, of whom he hears at church, — with open ear perhaps, but with thick, deaf soul, — is his *dead God.* *Endeavors*, 322.

That which men most revere is their religion

Whoever can so look into my heart as to tell *whether there is anything which I revere*, and if there be, *what thing* it is; he may read me through and through, and there is no darkness wherein I may hide myself. This is the master-key to the whole moral nature: what does a man secretly admire and worship? What haunts him with the deepest wonder? What fills him with most earnest aspiration? What should we overhear in the soliloquies of his unguarded mind? This it is which, in the truth of things, constitutes his *religion*; — this, which

determines his precise place in the scale of spiritual ranks; — this, which allies him to hell or heaven; — this, which makes him the outcast or the accepted of the moral sentiments of the Holiest. *Endeavors*, 222.

The true godly man

If I see a man living out of an inner spring of inflexible right and pliant pity; if he refuses the color of the low world around him; if his eye flashes with scorn at mean and impure things which are a jest to others; if high examples of honor and self-sacrifice bring the flush of sympathy upon his cheek; if in his sphere of rule he plainly obeys a trust instead of enforcing an arbitrary will, and in his sphere of service takes his yoke without a groan, and does his work with thought only that it be good, — I shall not pry into his closet or ask about his creed, but own him at once as the godly man. Godliness is the persistent living out an ideal preconception of the Right, the Beautiful, the Good. *H. of T.* I. 247.

Conscience conforming to the world

Some men you may find, whose habits and whose conscience settle down in fixed part-

nership with this world, and are never seen diverging; not, alas! from the agility of their habits, but from the sluggishness of their conscience. Their moral perceptions are absolutely stationary, or show them even less of heaven in their manhood than in their youth. Doing what they think right, and thinking nothing right but what they do, they approve themselves and look up to nothing. *Endeavors*, 238.

Compulsory goodness

It is little that a man goes right under orders and when he is obliged to serve: you may always make a good soldier by sufficient drill; and amid the pressure of custom and beneath the light of the public gaze, even a passive and pliant conscience may be shaped into good looks, and wear a gloss.

H. of T. II. 39.

Public versus private morality

The impression extensively prevails, that into public life we are not to carry the rigor of the domestic code and the purity of the Christian standard; that arts must be admitted and passions indulged in the game of parties and of states, which you would

condemn in your neighbor and despise in yourself; that hollow profession in a political orator is not hypocrisy; that eavesdropping and seal-breaking are not meanness; that to connive at the knavery of a friend and inflame the sensitive wound of an enemy is something else than fraud and malignity; and that he who can longest exclude a competitor at home or best hoodwink rival diplomatists abroad, most deftly accomplishes the legitimate functions of government.

H. of T. II. 41.

God has not made one law for the lofty and another for the low; or presented his holiness in Christ to sanctify our private homes in Bethany, to overawe the menials of our Jerusalem, and be spat upon and buffeted by our captains of power and high-priests of judgment. *H. of T.* II. 41.

No plea can be urged to justify in the Statesman more than in private persons, the practice of dissimulation, intrigue, and guilty compromise with wrong. *H. of T.* II. 41.

THE CASUISTRIES OF BUSINESS

The secrets of trade

There are secrets which we may unworthily hold *against* our fellow-men; by the keeping of which we may secure to ourselves an advantage at their expense.

H. of T. II. 240.

If, in framing a treaty, you discern in one of its provisions an interpretation not designed by your partner, and, keeping it close, intend to profit by it by and by, I know not of any honest name by which you can be called. Or, a merchant obtains exclusive information that, through large arrivals, his cargo will suddenly lose value in the morning; and he effects his sale to-night. Or, a shareholder privately learns that some act of intended legislation or some project of directors will double, in a few days, the price of some particular stock; and he buys up on all hands from those who are not in the secret. *H. of T.* II. 241.

Persons are found on every exchange who will defend such transactions as these, and even regard them as representing the very spirit of all bargaining, in which, it is said, each member must take care of himself. If so, let them not wonder that among men uncorrupted by such a school, the very name of "competition" is becoming hateful, and socialistic dreams are taking place of the old reverence for property. *H. of T.* II. 241.

The canon of right

Whenever you allow your neighbor to enter into agreements which he would refuse, did he know what you could tell, assuredly you make a tricky and degrading use of the information you possess.

H. of T. II. 241.

Business rests on basis of mutual benefit

The whole fabric of our system of engagements with one another rests on the basis of mutual benefit. Every instance in which one man's profit is even unwittingly another man's loss, convicts it of partial failure: every doctrine which justifies the deliberate acceptance of such gain brings upon it total dishonor. *H. of T.* II. 242.

Fair and unfair trading

Certainly a merchant is not bound to show his letters to his brother merchants who have not taken the same pains to be well informed. If they miss a happy opportunity, the fault lies fairly, not with his silence, but with their want of enterprise. But he *is* bound to distinguish between the just and the unjust use of his *priority* of knowledge: to be tempted by it into no contract which will be manifestly disastrous to the person dealing with him. He may fairly earn the power to buy and sell at the happiest moment within the limits of mutual benefit. But the right to hand over his own loss to another is a thing that cannot be bought by any capital or won by any adventure. You stand up before your brother eye to eye: you give him fair words about the market prices of to-day: he goes with you to look at your samples, or see the entries of your stock; he agrees to take it at the quotation of the hour; you know all the while the impending fall of to-morrow, and can see by anticipation his look of despair, — the dispersion of his family, — the reduction of his scale of life. In what respect do

you differ from the cheat who, having discovered an article to be counterfeit, still sells it for genuine? or, having found his dice to be loaded, uses the hint to win his game?

H. of T. II. 242.

AN AGE OF EMASCULATED CONSCIENCE

Condoning the sins of society

We seem to have reached an age of soft affections and emasculated conscience, full of pity for pain and disease, of horror at blood and death; but doubting whether anything is wicked that is not cruel, and reconciling itself even to that on sufficient considerations of advantage. There is no sort of personal libertinism, or domestic infidelity, of mercantile dishonesty; no breach of faith in states, no mean dishonor in officials, no shuffling expediency in public life; no kindling of national malignity, no outrage of military atrocity, no extreme of theological jesuitry,—which we have not heard excused by amiable laxity, and shrugged off into the dark; or palliated in books enjoying disgraceful popularity; or defended and admired by statesmen who should elevate and not deprave a nation's mind. *Endeavors*, 339.

Spurious charity

There are those who talk patronizingly of *forgiving* human sin, as if it were theirs to deal with as they liked,—as if there were no God of awful holiness, in whose presence and before whose law the guilty and the guiltless stand, and with whose pity or whose frown it is not ours to play. The spurious charity that is tolerant of moral deformity, because untouched by aspiration towards moral perfection, is an odious burlesque of the pure Christian grace. *H. of T.* I. 95.

The omnipresent conscience

Conscience *is* authority,—divine authority,—universal authority; or it is nothing. It is a right-royal power, that cannot stoop to serve: dethrone it, and it dies. Not even can it consent to be acknowledged as a "citizen-king," chosen by the suffrages of equals, open to their criticism, and removable at their pleasure. Either it must be owned as bearing a sacred and underived sovereignty, against which argument is impiety, and dreams of redress incur the penalties of treason; or it will decline the earthly

sceptre and retire to heaven. It reigns not by the acquiescent will of other powers, but is supreme by nature over all will; nor rules according to any given law, being itself the fountain of all law, the guardian of order, the promulgator of right. Its prerogatives are penetrating and paramount, like God. *Endeavors*, 340.

Let none think that there is any period of life, or any sphere of our activity, or any hour of our rest, which can escape the range of right and wrong, and be secluded from the eye of God. *Endeavors*, 341.

Obligation cannot, any more than God, grow old and die; till it is obeyed, it stops in the present tense, and represents the eternal *now*. Time can wear no duty out.

Endeavors, 355.

Once let a man insult the majesty of duty, by waiting till its commands become easy, and he must be disowned as an outlaw from her realm. *Endeavors*, 83.

FACTORS OF SPIRITUAL GROWTH IN MODERN SOCIETY

MAN MORE THAN ANIMAL 109
MAN AND SOCIETY 112
HUMANITY AND GOD 115
THE INNER AND OUTER KINGDOM 120

MAN MORE THAN ANIMAL

Men — not beasts

In order to build up a system of relations ethically organized, we must start with men and not with beasts. *Ess.* IV. 297.

If you have nothing to work with but animal pleasures, and pains, and unlimited time for their experience and transmission, you can never hope, through all eternity, to build up a conscience. *Ess.* IV. 298.

Cannot base morality on physiology

Most futile is the attempt to base morality on physiology; to open the way to heaven with the dissecting knife; to give up the Prophets for the "Constitution of Man"; and with a gospel of digestion to replace the Sermon on the Mount. Let us indeed accept such help as may come from this source also, but let us rate it at its worth and assign it to its place. Good for the remedy of bodily disease, it is not good for the formation of character; and it is odious

as the substitute for religion. Who ever found himself nearer God by inspecting drawings of internal inflammation?

Endeavors, 435.

God's moral plantings

In every heart God has implanted moral admirations and disgusts, dormant, perhaps, until occasion comes, but ready to waken into power and do homage to the noble and spurn the base. *H. of T.* II. 325.

Invisible capacities in man

There are invisible capacities in human nature, without an eye on which we shall ill sustain the freshness of our charity, and the very fountains of the heart will dry.

H. of T. I. 148.

Good in every one

There is no one so miscreated or so misplaced as to have within him no germs of good, from which a fruitful circle may not be made to spread. *H. of T.* I. 167.

Our humanity, touched with a divine freedom, has larger and more liberal limits than its critics and its students dream: it is not base; it is not noble: it is a vast pos-

sibility of baseness or of nobleness; and nothing so kindles its high spiritual consciousness and transfigures it with light divine, as the appeal of trustful sympathy, and the expectant light of a brother's faith.

H. of T. I. 149.

Trust essential to growth

If you will but find God's living gift within you, and simply trust it when it presses into growth, there is not a waste place of your nature that shall not become habitable, and even glorious with a wild beauty. *H. of T.* I. 168.

Foundations of natural piety

Whatever you may doubt, *something* there is which you deem true; however much is common and unclean, you have your gleams of what is surely holy; wherever you are weak, there is some matter on which your secret eye is clear, and your foot is firm. *Here* is the ground on which your moral life is to be raised. *H. of T.* I. 168.

Till you get down to the foundations of natural piety and touch sacred ground, you cannot raise the superstructure of either your knowledge or your action. *H. of T.* I. 168.

MAN AND SOCIETY

The mistake of individualism

Individualism makes a mistake when it tries to make a *whole* out of a single person, and from his nature measured in itself, to deduce a theory of his existence, though that existence is actively made up of a tissue of relations with his kind and his theatre of being. *Ess.* IV. 275.

Man — not a Robinson Crusoe being

A solitary individual is, by hypothesis, out of relation to anything but himself; he is a creature floating in vacancy; all objects, all companions, are kept out of his way: there is nothing for him to go to or act upon: he is a self-concentrated focus, surrendered to passivity, which has only a sensitive value. *Ess.* IV. 274.

Such a being is not a *man at all;* nor even so much as a sponge in the sea, which at least does something with the water around it. *Ess.* IV. 274.

Individualism corrected by humanism

The human being is first constituted by precisely the system of relations which the individualist omits: we are what we are by reciprocation; the *individual* is not the factor, but the *product* of society; and, to understand our nature, we must reckon with humanity first as a collective and dominant organism. *Ess.* IV. 274.

Society the means of discovering us to ourselves

In a *world morally constituted*, where the authority of conscience has at least its implicit presence in every mind, the ethical action and reaction of men upon each other will be infinite, and will so far prevail over the solitary force of the individual nature that no one will escape all relation to the general level of his time. The dependence of the moral consciousness for its growth upon society is incident to its very nature. *S. of A.* 54.

We find our proper personality only in society; and it is by exposure to the light of other consciences that the colors of our own steal forth. *S. of A.* 53.

The influence of others

Am I thrown among associates who breathe a lower atmosphere, and who appeal to incentives which in my heart I cannot honor as the best? My secret ideal stands before me as it never did before; and, in my compunction if I am weak, in my resolution if I am strong, its authority looks down upon me with living eyes of pity or help. Am I admitted into the company of greater and purer men, who move among the upper springs of life? The whole secret and sanctity of life seem to burst upon me at once; and I find how near the ground is the highest I have touched, and how the steps of possibility ascend and pass away, and lose themselves in heaven. This is the discipline, this the divine school, for the unfolding of our moral nature — the appeal of character without to character within.

S. of A. 53.

The sacred poem of our own hearts is writ in invisible ink; and only when the lamp of other lives brings its warm light near do the lines steal out, and give their music to the voice, their solemn meaning to the soul. *S. of A.* 54.

HUMANITY AND GOD

Limits of humanism

Humanism corrects the error of individualism: yet again renews it, when it shuts up *mankind* within their reciprocal relations, and cuts them off from diviner affinities beyond. Neither ourselves, nor our race, surveyed as an island, can ever be interpreted aright: to understand what we are, or even what we contain, we must venture the embracing seas and integrate our lives with the unmeasured sphere of being.

Ess. IV. 276.

Humanity left to itself grows weak

Humanity, left to itself, grows sick of its own company, and gasps for the relief of a holier air; and duty, however clearly seen and owned, remains languid and half done, except by the spirit that can rise beyond it. Not till the conscience has caught the vision of a divine perfection, do the small human graces shine with any light. *Ess.* IV. 89.

Finite love only half-born

All finite loves are only *half-born*, wandering in a poor sunlight, unknowing of their place and power, till they lie within the encompassing and glorifying love of God.

H. of T. II. 342.

The world a domestic system

The world is not given to us as a playground or a school alone, where we may learn to fight our way upon our own level, and leave others scope for a fair race; but as a domestic system, surrounding us with weaker souls for our hand to succor, and stronger ones for our hearts to serve.

Endeavors, 382.

We live too exclusively with our equals: the weak herding with the weak, the strong meeting the strong, the rich surrounding themselves with the rich. *Endeavors*, 382.

Class-feeling enlarged egoism

We associate with those who think our thought, feel our feelings, live our life; we read the books which repeat our tastes, justify our opinions, confirm our admirations; we encourage each other in laughing at the

excellence to which we are blind, and disbelieving the truth to which we have never opened our reason, and shuffling away from the affections and obligations to which we have a distaste. And thus our existence shrinks into a miserable egoism: the theatre on which we stand is surrounded by mirrors of self-repetition; and we render it impossible to escape the monotonous variety of the poor personal image. *Endeavors*, 382.

Ranks of souls

If there were no *ranks* of souls within our view; if all were upon a platform of republican equality; if there were but a uniform *citizenship* of spirits, and no royalty of goodness, and no slavery to sin; if nothing unutterably great subdued us to allegiance, and nothing sad and shameful roused us to compassion; — I believe that all divine truth would remain entirely inaccessible to us, and our existence would be reduced to that of intelligent and amiable animals; the secret dwelling of the Almighty would be closed against our most penetrating vision.

Endeavors, 383.

Religion a reverence for inferiors

A great German poet and philosopher was fond of defining religion as consisting in a reverence for *inferior* beings. The definition is paradoxical: but though it does not express the *essence* of religion, it assuredly designates one of its *effects*.

Endeavors, 384.

The loving service of the weak and wanting is an essential part of the discipline of the Christian life. Some habitual association with the poor, the dependent, the sorrowful, is an indispensable source of the highest elements of character. *Endeavors*, 384.

True brotherhood

Let the mind emancipate itself from that debasing valuation of a human being which the mere sentiments of property would dictate; trust itself, with high faith, to the equalizing spirit of Christian piety and hope; and in paying, to all, the reverence due to an immortal, it will attain to the freedom and power of a divine love, — it will speak to sorrow with the voice of another Christ, and restore his holiest miracles of mercy.

Endeavors, 175.

Between the Christian faith teaching the Fatherhood of God and the Immortality of men — between this and the degradation of large portions of the human family — there is an irreconcilable variance, an internecine war, to be interrupted by no parley, and mitigated by no quarter; and if faith gives up its aggression on the evil, the evil must destroy the faith. *Endeavors*, 189.

O child of my Father, wounded, bleeding, and worn by inward woes, turn not thy face away; let me lift thee from thy bed of rock, and stretch thee on the green sod of a pure affection; for am I not thy brother, stricken in thy stripes, and healed in thy rest?

Endeavors, 198.

THE INNER AND OUTER KINGDOM

The never-ending dream

A *human commonwealth* with its hierarchy of mutual service, its army of tamed passions, its invisible guard of ideal restraints, its traditions of heroism, its hopes of greatness, its sympathy with the moral life of the world, is the highest product of the Providence of God, and the most impressive witness to the possibilities of Man.

H. of T. I. 257.

The joint spectacle of high capabilities and mean sufferings is intolerable to every generous heart; the light of inward hope conflicts with the darkness without, and tries to penetrate it and touch it with some colors of ideal promise. From this impulse have sprung all social theories;—philosophical republics, Eutopias, socialisms, kingdoms of heaven; all aspire to realize the ascertained possibilities, and exclude the saddest disappointments, of our human union. *H. of T.* I. 258.

There is no task more indubitably divine than the creation of beauty out of chaos, the imposition of law upon the lawless, and the setting forth of times and seasons from the stagnant and eternal right. *Endeavors*, 344.

Plato's Utopia

No relief, said Plato, will ever reach the ills of men, till either statesmen become philosophers, or philosophers assume the government of states. You must deal with the commonwealth as a whole, and put a reconstructing hand upon it from the place of power. *H. of T.* I. 258.

The *scene* is all wrong on which you plant unprincipled competitions: you make its bribes to private selfishness too great, its demands on public sacrifice too small: you place its supreme interests at the disposal of incompetence, setting over its tribunals those who have no knowledge of justice, and over its schools those who have false notions of education: you let the poets tell mischievous fables about the gods, and the orators talk flattering sophistry to the people: you foster the taste which admires successful

ambition, and scorns the abstinence of incorruptible rectitude. *H. of T.* I. 259.

You must sweep all this away, and rebuild the theatre of life; permitting none to come upon it who do not bid fair for manly strength and virtue; assigning to each his place and career, and precluding him from functions for which he is not fit; and so disciplining all for the character possible to them, — the workers for industry and temperance, the soldiers for bravery and obedience, the rulers for wisdom and integrity, — that the whole may exhibit a partnership and equilibrium of goodness like the unity of a single harmonious Soul.

H. of T. I. 259.

Schemes of this kind for mending the world rested all their hopes on arrangement, and computed simply the forces of environing influence. A revolution in the world was required, to change any individual man.

H. of T. I. 259.

The method of Christianity

The method of Christianity is not a theory of reorganized society, the dream

of a new polity, through the establishment of which character is to attain its true proportions; but a direct appeal to the individual conscience, which aims to redeem men, one by one, and bring them, just where they stand, into inner harmony with God. *H. of T.* I. 260.

Education and moral regeneration

Do you say that education is fast dissipating our ignorances, and by our school system we are letting in the light into the darkest places, and giving all men the benefit of their own faculties? and is it not true that "Knowledge is power"? Yes, knowledge is power *over Nature;* but it is not power *over ourselves.* *H. of T.* II. 263.

Superstition itself records no vainer reliance than the trust in intellectual culture as an adequate means for the moral regeneration of society. *H. of T.* II. 264.

Alas! what advantage in moral elevation can the so-called "educated classes" of our people justly claim? Do low temptations lay hopeless siege to our "seats of learning," and leave the field? Does the Muse

always breathe her sweetness into the poet's temper, or even her native purity into his song? Will commerce with the stars secure an escape from clouds of earth-born passion into a divine serenity? Is science undisturbed by jealousies, and literature by mean traffic in ideas? Is theft confined to the petty larcenies of the street Arab? and homicide to the baffled burglar? Or, are frauds the most deliberate and heartless, — the systematic imposture of adulterated goods, — even cold-blooded murder by false insurance of rotten ships, not unknown to modern mercantile grandees? *H. of T.* II. 264.

When again and again the law has been made clear that social degeneration descends from the ornamental ranks, while social regeneration ascends from the despised; it seems a strange illusion to seek redemption from our ills on the side of mental culture. *H. of T.* II. 264.

No: it is in the spiritual capacities of man that the true counterpoise is to be found to the stormy forces of his impulses and passions. *H. of T.* II. 265.

The dynamics of social reform

There is not a secular reform in the whole development of modern civilization which has not drawn its inspiration from a religious principle. Infirmaries for the body have sprung out of pity to the soul; schools for the letter, that free way may be opened to the spirit; sanitary laws, that the diviner elements of human nature may not become incredible and hopeless from their foul environment. Who would ever lift a voice for the slave, that looked no further than his face? or build a reformatory for the culprit child, if he saw nothing but the slouching gait and thievish eye? Nay, what impulse would even science itself have had, if sustained only by the material utilities? what inspiring zeal, but for that secret wonder which feels the universe to be sacred and is a virtual thirst for God? *H. of T.* I. 181.

The lesson of philanthropic biography

Every reader of philanthropic biography knows that if once, among the poorest, the living springs of religion are touched, and a family becomes God-fearing, a transformation forthwith sets in: the rags disappear;

the furniture returns; the crowding mends and becomes decently manageable; the sickness abates; the children brighten; the quarrels cease; the hard times are tided over better than before; and sorrow, once dull and sullen, is alive with hope and trust. *H. of T.* II. 264.

Outer reform powerless without moral transformation

But if the beginning is made from the other end, — if you start with emendation of the outward condition alone, and trust to the apostolate of the health-inspector or even the school-teacher, you will no doubt be able to sweep the streets, to improve the dwellings, to consume the smoke, of all your towns, and to sharpen the wits of the people that live there; but there will be this difference from the former case: that each end which you gain will stop where you take it, and as soon as you leave it, will begin to go back; all reforming movement will be uphill, borne with heavy resistance to its due altitude, and, the moment the retaining tension is checked, descending as a rolling stone: you must continue to supply

the power; for you have created none, but only fitted up aright the scene which it ought to occupy. *H. of T.* II. 265.

Life and circumstance must harmonize

Yet there must be some correspondence between the divine affinities and the secular surroundings of the soul: its heavenly future and its earthly present must not be in too hopeless contradiction. It is not fit that the child of the infinitely Pure should never escape the squalid cell and the putrefying steams. *H. of T.* II. 263.

Spasms of conscience

Nothing can be hoped from spasms of conscience; they are the wretched disease of prostrate sin. *N. D.* 258.

To start into impatient and vast determination, to glow with a sudden passion for reform, and then when it cannot be possessed by assault, to depart depressed and vanquished, is the mark of a soul of more restlessness than power, of a youthful and selfish ambition. *N. D.* 261.

Christianity appeals to men not as they are, but as they ought to be

Renouncing the maxims of prudent despair, — that you must take men as they are, that you must suit the scene around them to their proved weakness and make the best of their inevitable sin. Christianity has ever charged its missionaries thus: "Go forth to this people, and speak to them from the level, not of what they are, but of what they ought to be." *H. of T.* I. 263.

To limit our ideal by what we are likely to accomplish is a miserable fallacy, since it is the ideal which determines how much shall be accomplished; the success must not graduate the desire, for it is the desire which creates the success. *N. D.* 260.

Paradoxical as the statement may seem, it is an important truth, that the great condition of spiritual growth is the eternal, the unwearied aim at impossibilities. *N. D.* 260.

The greater the degradation the more need

Do you say, the material conditions of our poor neighborhoods are too oppressive

to give encouragement? then are they too oppressive to permit desertion and neglect. The more they stifle the spiritual possibilities, the more must they be counterbalanced by persistency of culture and intensity of appeal. Would you really plead the density of the darkness as the reason of withholding the sparse and only light? Be assured, if we speak thus of our poor, they are no darker than we. It is all a fancy that, even in their lot, different as it looks, they are much other than ourselves in their temptations, in their affections, and in their victories. *H. of T.* I. 266.

The more tainted the atmosphere around, surely all the more need is there for a loving friend of every righteous effort to pass, as a breath of moral wholesomeness, through the unventilated courts of life. *H. of T.* I. 267.

The church that neglects social reform decays

The church which abdicates this work or turns it into a pretence is in the eye of God a church no more; and in abandoning

its divinest function will soon discover that its own life is withering away. *H. of T.* I. 268.

Once at least there has been a Christ

Once at least there has been a CHRIST; not seeking to thrust up human nature from below, but to raise it from above; knowing that its earth could produce nothing, except for its pure and spreading heaven; and so, coming down upon it, as an angel soul from the highest regions of the spirit; speaking seldom to it of its happiness, constantly of its holiness; dwelling little on the arrangements, and much on the responsibilities of life; pitying its woes, as it pities them itself in moments of truest aspiration, not with mere nervous sympathy, but with godlike and healing mercy; assuming its place in the midst of God, and on the surface of eternity, and from this sublime position as a base computing its obligations and uttering oracles of its destiny. *Endeavors*, 64.

RELIGION IN THE HOME

THE POWERS OF LOVE 133
THE CHILD AND THE PARENT 139
SECULAR *versus* RELIGIOUS EDUCATION 143

THE POWERS OF LOVE

The blinding power of Cynicism

The Cynic thinks that all the fair look of our humanity is on the outside, inasmuch as each mind will put on its best dress for company; and if *there* he detects some littleness and weakness, which perhaps his own cold eye brings to the surface, there can be only what is worse within. Dupe that he is of his own wit! he has not found out that all the evil spirits of human nature flock to him; that his presence brings them to the surface from their recesses in every heart, and drives the blessed angels to hide themselves away: for who would own a reverence, who tell a tender grief, before that hard ungenial gaze? Wherever he moves, he empties the space around him of its purest elements: with his low thought he roofs it over from the heavenly light and the sweet air; and then complains of the world as a close-breathed and stifling place. *H. of T.* II. 353.

It is not the critic, but the lover, who can know the real contents and scale of

human life; and that interior estimate, as it is the truer, is always the higher: the closest look becomes the gentler too.

H. of T. II. 354.

If we have *no trust*, we shall often find it difficult to love even our friends as they *appear* to us: our very presence will harden them, and put them on their defence; and by many a carping word, or chafing of the spirit, they will do injustice to themselves.

H. of T. I. 149.

How often may you hear the querulous dialogue, the mutual complaint, the artificial fence of hurting speech, between those who, if they would but burst the barrier of their pride, would fall into each other's arms, and in dismissing the fiend, let the reconciling angel in! The pure and tender eye which is not arrested by the troubled and broken surface, but sends its glance behind and within, not only sees the actual love that lives there, but warms and wakes the possible love that was asleep and never stirred before. *H. of T.* I. 149.

The seeing power of Love

How rarely do you meet any particular man among all the men of the street, to whom you find it a congenial thing to apply the name of brother! The name on the shop or office door seems not to stand on your register of spiritual things: the common features, the trivial cares, the retail talk, the mind filled up with gossip, appear so foreign to any sentiment of brotherhood as to dim the glory of your faith; and when you go to his funeral, you think of the worthy merchant who has lost his home, not of the saintly spirit who has found one. But with his wife and children — how is it otherwise! To them he is a light in the very heaven he obscures to you; he mingles a dear reality with a sense that was but shadowy before; he is the nearest object in their thought to God; his image mingles with their prayers; and in the picture of diviner worlds, nothing seems more clear than he. Yet they have chafed against his faults more painfully than you; they have had that near familiarity which is rarely free from its moments of dispute and discontent. But you have looked at him with

the scanning eye of criticism; they with the penetration of affection. You have judged only of his manifestations; they have had insight into himself. They have known his temptations, seen his difficulties, beheld his struggles, witnessed his faithfulness, felt his tenderness, overheard his sighs for a nobler life. And it is wonderful how often, when the artificial glass of judgment has been thrown aside, and you trust to the confidence of a natural love — it is wonderful how the vulgarities and weakness and faults and shortcomings and imperfections drop away, and you are disenchanted of your fastidious scorn. *H. of T.* I. 52.

Affection not blind!

Tell me not that affection is blind! I say there is nothing else can see; that can find its way through the windings of the soul it loves, and know how its graces lie.

H. of T. II. 353.

Whoever loves you grows like you

Only think of this: whoever loves you is growing like you! neither you nor he can hinder it, unless at the cost of alienation. Is the resemblance worth creating? should

you be pleased to see in your own friend another self? would he appear to you with an added light of excellence, or with a duller shade as of disappointment and saddened hope? Oh, if you are not a desolate being in this world, if you are grateful for but one creature's love, if a child's trust or a parent's shelter, a sister's pride or a brother's manly joy, rests upon you, rise to the height of so pure a blessing: reverence the sanctity of those dear souls: drag them not down by the very embrace with which they cling to you; but, in requital of their faithful cares, strive, if it be possible, to lift them to a mood they will rejoice to reach, and through their gentleness secure their consecration.

H. of T. I. 308.

Domestic and heavenly piety

For those who have gained the Christian insight into life, there is no conflict between the domestic and the heavenly pieties of life; the hearth where the household sympathies vividly burn is the best altar of our divine aspirations. *N. D.* 352.

Poor and precarious is the affection that plays with the mere sensitive surface of char-

acter, and looks no further than to please and be pleased, as if life were but a holiday; it soon entails a sickly fretfulness, and ends in a miserable partnership of self-seeking.

N. D. 352.

Mutual love, chastened by mutual reverence, kept fresh by self-denials, and intent on the joint service of the highest ends, sets into permanent forms of dignity and sweetness that bespeak the inward peace of God.

N. D. 352.

Goodness the same on earth as in heaven

There is not a different goodness for men below and for saints above; but one Righteousness in the humblest home and the sublimest heaven; so that the moral continuity of life is never broken; and the simplest love of things pure and true, the willing service on the smallest scale, the daily self-denial, the sweetness and patience of domestic rule, — are the human beginnings of divinest ends, and make the lowliest already children of the Highest. *N. D.* 356.

THE CHILD AND THE PARENT

The intuitions of childhood

How profoundly true this is, — that in divine things the little child may know what the great philosopher may miss!

H. of T. I. 117.

How often will a child, by mere force of unconsciousness and simplicity, penetrate to the centre of some great truth with a startling ease and directness! *Endeavors*, 291.

Childhood is emphatically the period of safe instincts; permitting it to try for awhile the unreflective life of creatures less than human. Only the ingenuity of artificial corruption can spoil them. In themselves, they are incapable of excess, and offer few temptations to wrong that are not adequately counteracted by some balancing affection. They simply ask to be let alone, and suffer no perversion! *Endeavors*, 367.

A reform in the nursery will change the creed of Christendom; no hierarchy can stand against it; and the pinafore of the child will be more than a match for the frock of the bishop and the surplice of the priest.

Endeavors, 366.

The untainted humanity of the child

Unless there is some sin in being born, the child is given, a pure and unspoiled nature, into our hand; and would be taken into the arms of Christ, if he were here, and pronounced nearer to heaven than we.

N. D. 358.

It is not that there is any unmixed or angelic mind in the life of infancy, — any special grace or freedom from disturbing storms. But as yet no pledge has been given to evil, no advantage won by wrong. It is the open field, the unbroken force, the fresh heroic heart, the holy cause, before the conflict and the victory. *N. D.* 358.

The untainted humanity of childhood went to Christ as to its own, — the earthly opening to the heavenly fulfilment of God's idea. His answering love seems to sanction

the sigh of many a mother's heart, that infancy goes too soon. *N. D.* 359.

The pure affections, the noble admirations, the clear truth, the gentle pieties, of the young soul, are ever ready to come forth and take their place of power above what is mean and selfish, if only they have the encouragement of sympathy and the fostering breath of a genial air around. *N. D.* 359.

The child's thought

It is a fatal thing when we men and women, who make all the catechisms, and shape all the doctrines, and invent all the language of Christian faith, force our adult religion, with its meditative depth, upon the heart of childhood, not yet capacious enough to take it in. *Endeavors*, 372.

If when I thought as a child, I had also dared to speak as a child, should I not have said, "Talk to me no more; I hate the name of God"? — yet, not the God that ever lives and loves, but the stiff idol of the catechism, looking rigorous from the narrow niche of a decaying Puritanism.

Endeavors, 370.

With impunity God will not be disowned *anywhere.* He is in the old Scriptures of prophets and apostles; he is also in the young child's heart; and if you will not bring the twofold voices of his Spirit into a harmony of love, but will urge the one to drown the other, you will but raise a discord or a sigh. *H. of T.* II. 313.

Through the susceptibility of the religious principle, you may make the child *believe in* any God, from the Egyptian cat to the inspirer of Christ. But there is only one God that can really possess him with an awful love; namely, such a one as seems to him the highest and the best.

Endeavors, 370.

If the name of God is to be sweet and solemn to young hearts, it must stand for *their* highest, not for *ours:* and many a phrase, rich and deep in tone to us, must be shunned as sure to jar on spirits different.

Endeavors, 369.

SECULAR VERSUS RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

The child's mediator

The child's veneration can scarcely climb to any loftier height than the soul of a wise and good parent: — well even, if he can distantly, and with wistful contemplation, scan even that. How can there be for him diviner truth than his father's knowledge, a more wondrous world than his father's experience, a better providence than his mother's vigilance, a securer fidelity than in their united promise? Encompassed round by these, he rests as in the embrace of the only omniscience he can comprehend.

Endeavors, I. 97.

Stand out of God's light!

In our homes, in the training of the little ones, the rarest faithfulness is the simplest too; it is but to stand out of God's light and give it way. *N. D.* 357.

Let the fresh dew lie undisturbed!

Let the fresh dew lie undisturbed on the young child's soul; only by drinking it

eagerly in during the early hours can it bear the noonday heats and lend an unwithered smile to the evening shades. *H. of T.* I. 335.

Passing out into the world

The nursery does not last forever. The time comes when its threshold must be passed, and from a distance the hum and murmur begin to flow upon the ear from the great halls of life; and how often does that dizzying sound act with a fatal charm and confuse the native religion of the parent's heart! He no longer offers these young souls only to goodness and to God, but now limits his higher wishes by the conditions of fashion and success. *H. of T.* 338.

The carefulness for secular education — the carelessness for religious

What can be more startling to a true mind than the crowded carefulness of secular instruction, contrasted with the negligent emptiness of religious education? Nay, is it not a fact that, for the sake of station and fashion, parents procure for their children a direct and systematic teaching in acknowledged fiction on the highest sub-

jects; and while they would stand aghast at a false quantity in Latin or a mistake in geography, care nothing if the whole system of the moral universe be misconceived; indifferent to the most gigantic errors as to the whole character and government of God?

H. of T. I. 43.

What class of aberrations awaken the most manifest disappointment and receive the severest rebuke? Is it the prudent profligacy, the sharp cunning, the well-disguised envy, the slippery yet presentable integrity, which imply the utter wreck of Conscience, and are the fatal symptoms of spiritual ruin? Or is it the conscientious eccentricity, the high defiance of conventionalism and convenience in the service of some generous heroism, — the resolve to live a true and earnest life, — which, wherever they appear, rebuke the littleness of men, and give a place among the nobility of God?

H. of T. I. 43.

These symptoms tell too true a tale, and betray, in the sincerest and tenderest relation of life, an anxiety first for the physical good, with only a willingness that then the

Kingdom of God, if so it chance, should be added unto it. "*They must live*," do you say, in excuse for perverting the minds of your children. A true-souled parent, who knows the real contents and significance of life, will say: "Rather than sustain themselves here on shameful and unworthy terms, let them die!" *H. of T.* I. 42.

Companionship with the false

Do you plead the necessity, urged for so many questionable things, of giving the youth betimes "a knowledge of the world"? Aye; but of *what* "world"? — for that is a large name, which covers several different things. Do you mean the crowd of contemporaries on the same level with himself, his equals or inferiors in principle and character, who by their tendencies and habits vote into existence the customs amid which he is to live? *H. of T.* I. 339.

Companionship with the true élite

Be not afraid to scorn so poor an ambition. Let him grow familiar with an elder and a better "world" than this; with the men of grander stature, who constitute the

honor and lustre of history; who will rebuke in him all mean enclosure in the present and make him conscious of high communion with the past; who will kindle him with veneration for the nature given him to adorn; who will detain him in the company of the wise and holy, and touch him with shame, if he be not worthy of their society and kindred. The minds above him, the spirits of patriots and saints, martyrs of truth, apostles of righteousness, — these are the "world," in the "knowledge" of which it is ennobling to excel, though it gives no passport to the assemblies of fashion, and supplies no key to the slang of frivolity. *H. of T.* I. 340.

The encompassing Presence

Sooner or later, the children, no longer led, have to go into the wilds alone; but there the shadow of an Almighty guardianship is stretched over the space; — a shadow of Peace that spreads from the cross, and gathers within it the most faithful and holy of all nations. *H. of T.* II. 365.

LOSS AND GAIN IN RECENT THEOLOGY

THE BIBLE 151
CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY 156
THE LIFE TO COME 168

THE BIBLE

The criteria of judgment

Faith in our own faculties, as God has given them, is at the very basis of all knowledge and belief, on things human or divine; — an act of primitive religion, so inevitable that without it scepticism itself cannot even begin, but wanders about through the inane, in fruitless search for a point on which to hang its first sophistic thread. Each one of our own natural powers is to be implicitly trusted within its own sphere, and not beyond it; the senses, as reporters of the outward world; the understanding, in the ascertainment of laws and the interpretation of nature; the reason and conscience, in the ordering of life, the discernment of God, and the following of religion. *Endeavors*, 412.

Distrust of our faculties — infidelity

Whoever tries to shake their authority, as the ultimate appeal in their several concerns, though he may think himself a saint, is in fact an infidel. Whoever pretends that

anything can be above them — be it a book or a church — is secretly cutting up all belief by the roots. Whoever tells me that prophet or apostle set himself above them, and contradicted, instead of reverently interpreting and rendering audible, the whispers of the highest soul, is chargeable with fixing on the messengers of God the sure sign of imposture or of wildness.

Endeavors, 412.

To tell me, with warnings against my erring faculties, that a thing is divine which offends my devoutest perception of the true and holy; — as well might you persuade me to admire the sweetness of a discord by abusing my sense of hearing, or to prefer a signboard to a Raphael by enumerating optical illusions and preaching on the imperfections of sight. *Endeavors*, 413.

Turn the matter as we may, it will appear that the fullest, most unqualified admission of a moral and rational nature in man, whose decisions no external power can overrule, and which constitutes God's ever open court for trying the claims of Scripture and prophecy, no less than of philosophy, is the prime

requisite of all devout faith; without which, duty loses its sacredness, revelation its significance, and God himself his authority.

Endeavors, 414.

The yoke of the Bible has followed the yoke of the church

The Catholic prediction, so often made when Luther threw off the restraints of ecclesiastical Tradition, has at last come true; and the yoke of the Bible has followed the yoke of the church. *Ess.* IV. 323.

What was once used as a Divine Textbook has become a human literature.

Ess. IV. 325.

Dictated faith and duty not possible

Dictated faith and duty are no longer possible, and by way of textual oracle you can carry to the soul no vision of God, no contrition of sin, no sigh for righteousness. The time is past when a doctrine could save itself from criticism by taking refuge under an apostle's word, or a futurity authenticate itself by a prophet's forecast, or a habit become obligatory by evangelical example.

Ess. IV. 323.

Scripture must find you

Just as no critic — be he even infallible — can show you the majesty of a statue, the pathos of a poem, the expressiveness of a human face, if you do not feel it; so can external authority make nothing sacred which does not in itself *find* you and wake up some sleeping piety. *Ess.* IV. 325.

It is the *unwritten* oracles of God that have most deeply stirred the hearts of the devout, — the beauty of the heavens and the earth, the secret heroism of duty, the mystery of sorrow, the solemnity of death, and Scripture itself is only so far the "Word of God" as it truly plants us face to face with these, his *silences*. *Ess. IV.* 326.

Perennial inspiration

Our attitude towards scripture thus becomes the same which has long been familiar to the Society of Friends: simply assuming that the Spirit of God, which in old time wrought their elements of sanctity into the pages of the Bible, lives and operates forever in the human soul, renewing the light of Divine truth, and kindling eternal aspi-

rations; so that the day of Pentecost is never past, and there is a tongue of fire for every evangelist. *Ess.* IV. 326.

Divine spirit in earthen vessels

Not heaven itself can pour more or purer spiritual gifts into you than your immediate capacity can hold; and if the holy spirit is to "lead you into *all truth*," it will not be by saving you the trouble of parting right from wrong, but by the ever keener severance of the evil from the good through the strenuous working of a quickened mind.

S. of A. 288.

CHRIST AND CHRISTIANITY

Christ — Divine flower of humanity

From the person of Jesus . . . everything *official*, attached to him by evangelists or divines, has fallen away. . . . The pomp of royal lineage and fulfilled prediction, the prerogatives of King, of Priest, of Judge, the Advent with retinue of angels on the clouds of heaven, are to us mere deforming investitures, misplaced like court-dresses on "the spirits of the just"; and he is simply the Divine flower of humanity, blossoming after ages of spiritual growth, — the realized possibility of life in God. *Ess.* IV. 327.

Dissolving mythology

Where do we stand, on the dissolution of these scenic dreams? Is their fading away a mere loss, abandoning us to a desolate negation? When you think most reverently of Christ, when you most lose yourself in God, when you are clearest in immortal hope, do you wish them back again? Would they overfill, or would they disappoint, the measures of your spirit in such hours? *Ess.* IV. 328.

It is only in the rudimentary stages of piety that men crave tangible objects or feigned pictures on which to fasten their wonder and veneration. The perennial fountains of Religion lie in the deepest wells of our nature, in the primary essence of the Reason and Moral consciousness.

Ess. IV. 328.

When we are called of God to plunge and float in his illimitable sea, what can be more miserable than forthwith to escape and land on some broken spar of mythology or dogma? *Ess.* IV. 329.

No faith in scenic dreams

For my part I put no faith in scenic religion, and look on the modern ritualistic return to it as an unfailing mark of inward decay. It is a puerility, or a mockery, to offer it as help in temptation or peace in sorrow. *Ess.* IV. 330.

The secret of Christ's persuasiveness

It is by his identification with the intuitions and pieties of our nature that Christ wins us as his disciples and makes us one with himself and God. *Ess.* IV. 328.

No man can be his own Christ.

H. of T. I. 159.

The Inner Christ

Christ lives ideally in every disciple's soul. His image in our hearts is the centre of light which draws into it and around it whatever we feel to be holiest and best. In our thought he stands for the highest that has opened to our conceptions; for the life and mind which attracts our noblest aspiration, and looks down upon us with the most august authority. *H. of T.* II. 380.

To emerge, like him, from the desert of our temptations, faint perhaps with the conflict, but serene in victory; to take freely home to us the very soul of self-renunciation, and ask nothing but scope to find the true, to love the good, and bear the chastisement of others' peace; to be inspired with courage to rebuke without passion, and with clear affection to pity without weakness; to look always through the clear eye that no disguise can dazzle, and no latent beauty escape; to keep a wakeful mind, patient of the constancy of duty and the vigils of prayer; so to dwell in God, that no path

of space or time can be a way of exile, and the heavy cross and bleeding feet may be simply grievous to the body and not hurtful to the soul: — this is our last ambition, when lower clouds are swept from off our sight; this, our unquenchable thirst, when once the spring of life has touched and cooled our lips. *H. of T.* II. 380.

This image of perfectness — this Christ within the mind — holds us captive by its native authority, and wins us by its grace and truth, when only God is there to ask account of what we think. *H. of T.* II. 380.

The word "Christian"

The word "Christian" is the casket which holds for human thought the supreme treasures of the inner life of man, and the most precious gems of his external civilization; and when all has been emptied out from it which false zeal and mistaken piety have stored there for safe keeping, there yet remains the catholic genius of the religion, the richest historic deposit with which Providence has blessed the world. *Ess.* II. 520.

To part with that word and throw ourselves on philosophy to weave us a substitute, would be to interrupt the Past in its creation of the Future, and not only to migrate to unreclaimed countries, but to sink the old native land that we might do so.

Ess. II. 520.

Part as we may with what once was demanded by the Church, there is something — and that, too, the very holiest influence of life — that is still with us; and this residuary truth, this Divine Spirit, which emerges from the mixed inheritance of Christendom, when all that is perishable has been discharged, does but *own its descent, and look up with fitting reverence to its fountain-head,* when it claims the name of *Christian.*

Ess. II. 521.

Christianity my native air

If there be any who can waft their souls to God on Vedic hymns, or toil upwards by the steps of Gentile metaphysics, far be it from me to question the efficacy of the exercise; it may possibly be as good for them as singing the Athanasian creed. But for myself, both conviction and feeling keep

me close to the poetry and piety of Christendom. It is my native air, and in no other can I breathe; and wherever it passes, it so mellows the soil and feeds the roots of character, and nurtures such grace and balance of affection, that for any climate similarly rich in elements of perfect life I look in vain elsewhere.

Natural and sacerdotal Christianity

When we complain of the meddlesomeness of the *Priest*, of his turning up everywhere to hang upon the springing steps of each new hope, we touch upon an evil of the first magnitude in social history; but we look for its essence in the wrong place.

N. D. 454.

The mischief lies, not in the *universality*, but in the *quality*, of sacerdotal influence; which, if it were true, would have the divine right to go everywhere, but, being false, has only a Satan's plea for going anywhere.

N. D. 455.

Wherein lies the falseness of the Priest's pretension? Not in asserting that every crisis should have its consecration; that all

life and love, all death and sorrow, may be turned from earthly to divine; that to the incidents of the natural drama, the marriage, the birth, the funeral, not mutual joys and tears alone, but uplifted thanks and prayers are due; that those of the spiritual history — the child's unconsciousness, the youth's free will, the penitent's remorse, the saint's self-dedicating vow, should all draw us into communion with God; and that nations, no more than individuals, can find their proper nobleness, if they cease to feel the eye of the all-righteous Judge.

N. D. 455.

The falseness of the Priest's pretensions

All this is true; but the Priest's falseness begins with the assumption that he, with his manipulations and his formulas, is the real consecrating thing, the vehicle of a patent salvation which no one can naturally reach, and none else can magically dispense. The Priest is not wrong in saying that the divine authority of which he is the symbol is all-embracing as Omniscience, searching the depths of every human relation, and commanding what is supreme in human pre-

rogative. He is wrong in identifying that authority with himself and his official habitudes of thought and act; and in daring to quote his enigmas and his rites against the grand primary pieties of the human heart.

N. D. 456.

The true prophet

The true prophet of every age is no believer in the temple, but in the temple's Deity; trusts, not rites and institutions, but the heart and soul that fill or ought to fill them; if they speak the truth, no one so reveres them; if a lie, they meet with no contempt like his. *S. of C.* 43.

Royal Priesthood

God has made over his claims upon us and his communion with us to no corporation of believers or magicians; he gives no charter except such as speaks for itself in the souls that he inspires; he delivers no insignia except the sword of the spirit, the robe of purity, and the sceptre of devout Faith. *N. D.* 456.

The Church visible

It may often indeed shock you to find what dark features of humanity conceal

themselves behind the sacred veil of the Church; still more often it may perplex you to gather from the thorny controversies of old any immediate fruit of love and duty for to-day. But the Christian cannot live in the present only; he belongs to eighteen centuries, and carries on him lineaments from them all. *H. of T.* II. 366.

The Church invisible

Into the worship that brings us together has flowed the lofty will of Ambrose, the passion of Augustine, the sanctity of St. Francis, the sweetness of Tauler, the nobleness of Milton, and the fervors of countless holy men. What voice shall serve us to breathe it all? What light shall worthily show us all the meaning of that distant Calvary, through the august perspective of such a Christendom, with its lines of martyrs and spirits of the saints? Their solemn shadows lie around us here; their tender and majestic voices steal into the chorus of our hymn; and should surely lift both the outer music of our temple and the inner melody of our hearts towards the height of their divine strain, "Great and marvellous are thy works,

Lord God Almighty! Just and true are all thy ways, O Thou King of Saints!"

H. of T. II. 347.

The real union of Christendom

The experiment has never been tried of expressly combining in religion the two loyalties, — that engendered by wide fellowship in a common warfare for a common cause, and that which binds us with closer and tenderer devotion to the inner household of our domestic faith.

Ess. II. 568.

The two loyalties

The human heart — rather, the Divine Spirit (here both are one) — has shamed false antagonism away, and made it an indisputable fact that, besides our interior faithfulness to our own class of disciples, we are drawn by irresistible attraction to strong and saintly souls, how far soever from our borders, and look up to them as true children of God, and long to fill up with them what remains of the sufferings of Christ. Once touched by the two enthusiasms, we learn that they help instead of hinder each other, — like the kindred love of *country* and of

home, and gain assurance that both are harmoniously embraced in the love of God.

Ess. II. 568.

It is impossible to doubt that the blending affections are higher than the dissevering thoughts. *Ess.* II. 568.

The piety of a George Herbert, a Baxter, a Fénelon, a Wesley, a Robert Hall, a Barbauld, an Elizabeth Fry, was nurtured in different schools, yet breaks into prayer and song and life in tones and labors that subdue and humble us all. *Ess.* II. 568.

"By their fruits ye shall know them"

If the text be true, "By their fruits ye shall know them," have we no common fellowship with these, or they with each other? Owning the same Head to begin with, and brought to the same heart and will when the inward working declares itself at last, must they and we excommunicate each other, and say, "the essential is not there," because we join the beginning and the end by the links of differing chains? Shall it always be that the sweet singers who are grouped together in our hymn-

books, like a choir of angels, to lead and lift our suppliant strains, must shrink from the kiss of fellowship in this life, and say, "Ah, no! the seal is not upon his forehead!" *Ess.* II. 568–9.

The music of the creeds

I know not how others may feel; but when I think of those great trains of worshippers converging upon the minster gates, then thronging nave or choir, with silent thanksgiving to the all-harmonizing love, looking on the signs of so many holy souls of the living and the dead, responding to the prayers for the unity of them all, and joining in the hymn which seems to fulfil that prayer, no spectacle appears more worthy to fill that grand perspective, more softening to the hearts that join in it, or more true to the parting prayer of Christ: "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." *Ess.* II. 576.

THE LIFE TO COME

Great hopes of great souls

The great essential to the belief in immortality is a sufficiently elevated estimate of human nature; no man will ever deny its immortality who has a deep impression of its capacity for so great a destiny. *S. of C.* 197.

As our nature rises it realizes its immortality

In proportion as our nature rises in its nobleness, does it realize its immortality. As it retires from animal grossness, from selfish meanness, from pitiable ignorance or sordid neglect, — as it opens forth into its true intellectual and moral glory, — do its doubts disperse, its affections aspire: the veil is lifted up from the future, the darkness breaks away, and the spirit walks in dignity within the paradise of God's eternity. . . . The affinities of this doctrine are with the loftiest parts of our nature; and in our trust in it we ally ourselves with the choicest spirits of our race.

Endeavors, 363.

True manhood implies growth

True *manhood* is first realized in one who wields all his physical energies and resources as tools of ideal achievements, — knowledge, right, and loving service of others, and growth towards Divine Perfection.

Life, II. 446.

Man built on large scale

The *scale* on which we are made is conspicuously too vast for the short reckoning of our mortal years. The ripe and practised mind, the large and tender affections, the refined and steadfast conscience, which are the last attainments of a faithful soul, need nothing *but time* to realize the ulterior possibilities for which they sigh; their spiritual strength is not spent when their tools are broken, but was never greater than when the paralyzed arm hangs helpless at their side. *Life*, II. 446.

Are we to believe in such a disproportion between the inherent capabilities and inspirations of a self-directing nature and its material allowance of opportunity? or, shall we not rather say, that we see at present only its

first stage of opportunity, and are assured of the rest from the transcending range of its aims and powers? *Life*, II. 446.

Disappointing hopes

Who can believe that the Everlasting Mind fulfils its end by disappointing every other? and that each age is to spend itself in lamenting its inheritance from another and its own shortcoming? Is the eternal design of Perfection to be gained by the frustrated aspirations of countless ephemeral generations? *S. of R.* II. 355.

Personal confession

The profoundest feeling which possesses me at the end of life is, that I stand but little removed from its beginning, schooled only in the mere alphabet of its attainable lessons. *Life*, II. 446.

Written when Dr. Martineau was 80 years of age.

When we realize what is meant by the *moral* constitution of our nature, with probation continued to the end, we cannot fail to find in this alone a solemn augury of an accordant sequel. This would not hold if this world were itself perfectly retributory.

But in a state where justice is but inchoate, Conscience plainly stands as sentinel in the fore-court of existence. *Life*, II. 447.

Proof of immortality rests in moral nature

I am disposed to rest the proof of immortality much more upon *moral* than on metaphysical grounds. *Life*, II. 448.

The sentiment of responsibility — the experiences of conscience — which are specially *human*, appear to me the living root of this great faith. *Life*, II. 448.

Man, not animals, immortal

It is an advantage that whatever argument they supply *goes no further than the human race;* while the metaphysical doctrine cannot be hindered from taking in all organized beings. A few peculiarly constituted minds may be able to bear the doctrine of wider scope; but I confess such an insuperable weakness or pride, that an argument proving too much, and available no less for my cat than for myself, would fill me only with indifference or scepticism of the future. The whole stress of the proof rests on the *distinctive characteristics of man.*

Life, II. 448.

Our moral nature a prophecy

It is impossible to admit that our moral nature runs through its own cycle, and fulfils its own idea, in our experience here. It announces a righteous rule which again and again it brings to mind and will not suffer to be forgotten, but of which it does not secure the execution. It is a prophecy carrying its own credentials, in an incipient foretaste of the end, but holding its realization in reserve; and if Death gives the final discharge to the sinner and the saint, we are warranted in saying that Conscience has told more lies than it has ever called to their account.

S. of R. II. 366.

The soul's forecast of retribution

It can scarcely be that there is not *something* in the great world to come corresponding to the immeasurable difference which reveals itself in our forecasting souls between holiness and guilt. By what methods this felt difference will however declare and justify itself, it were vain to surmise.

H. of T. II. 144.

That other life we take to be a scene for the mind's ampler and ampler development,

apart from those animal and selfish elements which now deform and degrade it by their excess. And this alone, if there were nothing else, would render it a life of awful retribution. For to the wicked, what is this loss of "the natural man," but total bereavement and utter death of joy? — what to the good but a glad and sacred birth? *S. in C.* 197.

Retribution — yet restoration

And yet precisely because we believe in Retribution, do we trust in Restoration. The very abhorrence with which a man's better mind ever looks upon his worse, while it inflicts his punishment, begins his cure; and we can never allow that God will suspend this natural law impressed by himself on our spiritual constitution, merely in order to stop the process of moral recovery, and specially enable him to maintain the eternity of torment and sin. And so, beyond the dark close of life, rise before us the awful contrasts of retribution; and in the farther distance, the dim but glorious vision of a purified, redeemed, and progressive universe of souls. *S. in C.* 197.

Each soul to be re-born

Thousands of the sweetest strains of poetry and piety bear witness that for the larger minds of Christendom, shreds of the worn-out mythology have dropped away, and the simple faith remains that each soul is re-born in death into higher life, and through the silent spaces which we cannot penetrate, finds some divine guide into the society of the wise and saintly, and the nearer communion with God. *S. of A.* 570.

Death God's method of colonizing

Death, under the Christian aspect, is God's method of colonizing; the transition from this mother-country of our race to the fairer and newer world of our emigration.

Endeavors, 404.

The law of mortality is the passport of emancipation that widens our human home; turning the villager into the citizen, the citizen into the man, the man into the denizen of the universe. *N. D.* 322.

The family in heaven and earth

With the boldness of a true and inspired nature, the Apostle Paul gives an immeas-

urable extension to the thought of *one* "*family*," distributed between heaven and earth. There is a domesticity that cannot be absorbed by the interval between two spheres of being; — a love that cannot be lost amid the immensity, but finds the surest track across the void; — a home-affinity that penetrates the skies, and enters as the morning or the evening guest. *Endeavors*, 400.

The transfiguration of death

And since the grave can bury no affections, but only the mortal and familiar shape of their object, death has changed its whole aspect and relation to us; and we may regard it, not with passionate hate, but with quiet reverence. It is a divine message from above, not an invasion from the abyss beneath; not the fiendish hand of darkness thrust up to clutch our gladness enviously away, but a rainbow gleam that descends through tears, without which we should not know the various beauties that are woven into the pure light of life. *Endeavors*, 401.

AFTER-TIDES

Religion springs up in the mind whenever any of the infinite affections and desires press severely against the finite conditions of our existence. *Endeavors*, 36.

In truth, there is no religion, no worship, in our prosperity and ease. So far as we are happy, we are in a state of satisfied desire; so far as we are religious, we are in a state of aspiration and unsatisfied desire.

Every religion seeks for something that may be *offered to God* and be acceptable to him, and may set the worshippers at one with him; and according as our offering is more or less an external thing do we find our place in one of three great classes that divide mankind. To give him something that we *have* is *Heathen;* to offer him what we *do*, is *Jewish;* to surrender to him what we *are*, is *Christian.* "Take my goods and cease to be angry with my sin," was the cry of the first; "Accept my righteousness, and remember thy promise, for I have served thee," speaks the character of the second;

"I am not my own, but thine, O Lord; live thou in me, or else I die," is the prayer of the third. *H. of T.* II. 66.

If Christ never deemed himself nearer to Heaven than when in presence of the child-like heart, then the resources of a devout life cannot be remote and of difficult access, but so nigh unto us, that, if we miss them, it is from their close presence rather than their distance. *H. of T.* II. 102.

Where is *our* God? You say, He is *everywhere:* then show me *anywhere* that you have met him. You declare him everlasting: then tell me *any moment* that he has been with you. You believe him ready to succor them that are tempted, and to lift those that are bowed down: then in what passionate hour did you subside into his calm grace? In what sorrow lose yourself in his "more exceeding" joy? These are the testing questions by which we may learn whether we have raised our altar to an "unknown God" and pay the worship of the blind; or whether we commune with him "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." *H. of T.* II. 107.

We love to be spoken to in tones from the borders of the infinite, and feel them to have a native sound. Carrying in ourselves secret relationships with universal space and unbeginning time through Him that fills them both and lives in us, we know the tidings which come furthest from them to be nearest to us: they remind us of our augustest kindred: they free us from our momentary prison: they show us the white sail, they breathe on us with the very wind, that shall take us out of exile. Their awful fascination bespeaks a nature mysteriously blending in its affections the finite and the infinite, and standing on the confines of both.

H. of T. II. 196.

Heed not the fastidious critic who tells you that the world has outgrown the church, — that the living voice of trust and aspiration shall soon have no response from sorrowing and struggling men. Depend upon it, *his* is the humor of the hour; and *you* who keep to the old reverent ways are taking sides with the perpetuity of our humanity. Fear not that you have here to do with any perishable work. *H. of T.* I. 4.

Religion is no more possible without prayer, than poetry without language, or music without atmosphere. In the dumb heart it invariably dies. *H. of T.* II. 236.

Self-inspiration is a contradiction.

Endeavors, 151.

Prayer, like poetry, can never be anything but thought aloud: if ever it is said for the sake of them that stand by, it is a mockery and pretence. *Endeavors*, 338.

Prayer by the printing-press is surely a very near approach to piety by machinery.

Endeavors, 159.

You cannot draw any line among external things or intellectual acts that shall separate the secular from the sacred; there may be devotion in the workshop or at the boat-helm, and profaneness in the pulpit or at the grave. *N. D.* 433.

Once trifle with your inner revelations and sink into mean scepticism of your finer insight into what is pure and good; once condescend to doubt whether you have a soul, and yield to the repugnance with

which, when shut in by the cloud of sensible experience, men hear talk of its intimations; and whatever devout belief may remain to you is but the lazy lingering of lifeless tradition: its root is cut and its branch is withered. *H. of T.* II. 290.

Do the right, and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong, and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.

No one can have a true idea of right, until he does it; any genuine reverence for it, till he has done it often and with cost; any peace ineffable in it, till he does it always and with alacrity.

When duty is severe, we must be reverently dutiful; if love brings sorrow, we must love more and better; when thought chills us with doubt and fear, we must think again with fuller soul and deeper trust.

H. of T. I. 130.

Conscience has its narrowness, its scrupulous microscopic gaze, that looks for the animalcules of obligation till it grows blind to the stars of faith, and the free heaven swims diligently before it.

To feel charity towards a *sin*, you must understand the temptation; towards a *sorrow*, you must know its depth; towards an *erring creed*, you must appreciate its meaning and its ground.

"And may I not do what I like with my own?" No, you may not, unless your liking and your duty are in happy accordance. Morally you are as much bound to distribute your own wealth wisely, as to abstain from touching another man's. *Endeavors*, 74.

As large a portion of well-being may be sacrificed by an act of wilful extravagance as by the commission of a dishonesty; and were it of a nature to be definable by law, would merit as severe a punishment. Shall anything then deter us from saying that such self-indulgence is a thief?

Endeavors, 74.

Christianity demands the renunciation of revenge, which is personal, but does not interfere with the application of retribution, which is moral. *N. D.* 62.

To quell our personal passion is Christian quietude; to stifle our moral indignation is sin against the Holy Ghost. *N. D.* 65.

There is a curse upon selfishness in states no less than upon individuals. *N. D.* 79.

As the feuds of individuals and clans have been the parents of municipal law, so the hostile collisions of nations are the necessary conditions under which an authoritative code can clear itself for the states of the civilized world. The path to the court of justice lies, alas! through the camp of war. *N. D.* 78.

It is happy for the world, that over the vision of its greatest enemies their own selfishness spreads a film, concealing from them, as in judicial blindness, the generous powers which will effect their overthrow.

Endeavors, 300.

Where God embodies great principles in historic forms, and makes mighty nations the organs and medium of moral conflict, it cannot be expected that the arbitrament should take place without a piercing shriek of the hour, wailing and dying down the winds of time. *N. D.* 83.

There is no chloroform for earthquakes; the giant mountain heaves and cracks with its throes; but when the equilibrium returns, the villages rise again, the plough cleaves once more the resting soil, the vine-trellis appears upon the slope, and the spring field smiles beneath the sun once more. *N. D.* 83.

It is useless to tell me, of a libertine and Epicurean, that he believes in the divine rule, and is a devout worshipper at church. I know him to be an atheist by a surer mark than words and postures, — by a necessity of corrupted nature, which can only be reversed by a renovated life. *Endeavors*, 417.

Such as the man is, such is his belief; and the faith to which he bears his testimony, testifies in return of him.

Endeavors, 417.

You need not try to persuade me that a soul pure, tender, merciful, has any real faith in a relentless hell, where the cry of penitence can avail no more. Such things may stand written in creeds which those gentle lips may still repeat; but let the heretic

friend or son die away from her arms, and she will find some divine excuse for keeping the torment far away. The eye of love is too clear and single to allow of the light that is in it becoming so dread a darkness as that impossible faith. *Endeavors*, 417.

We do not believe immortality because we have proved it, but we forever try to prove it because we believe it.

If, being orthodox, you die at the stake, you are a martyr; if, being heretic, — why, then you are a man burnt.

He who would not rather be damned than escape through the sufferings of innocence and sanctity is so far from the qualifications of a saint, that he has not even the magnanimity of Milton's fiends.

Could there be a roll-call of the Pessimists of our time, be they compassionate or be they cynical, there would probably be found in their ranks fewer of the mere men of society than of the mutinous deserters of Church theology.

To the existence of a group of churches free in their constitution and open to the laws of natural change, I owe whatever scope has been given me for study and teaching on subjects of morals and religion. It is, however, no mere personal gratitude that retains me in allegiance to their inherited principle; but a conviction that the true religious life supplies grounds of sympathy and association deeper and wiser than can be expressed by any doctrinal names or formulas; and that free play can never be given to these genuine spiritual affinities till all stipulation, direct or implied, for specified agreement in theological opinion is discarded from the bases of church union.

Response to the greetings of the National Conference of English Unitarians on the eightieth anniversary of his birth, April 21, 1885.

I am a Unitarian; . . . but the society of worshippers of which we are only the living members, and the church erected here of which we shall be but transient tenants — these are not to be defined as Unitarian.

Address at the laying of the corner-stone of his church in Liverpool, 1848.

If any one, being a Unitarian, shrinks, on fitting occasion, from plainly calling himself so, he is a sneak and a coward. If, being of our catholic communion, he calls his chapel or its congregation Unitarian, he is a traitor to his spiritual ancestry, and a deserter to the camp of its persecutors.

Address at Triennial Conference, Leeds, April, 1888.

We want no prophet *in a trance*, but clothed with light, like the angel standing in the sun; and can never doubt the alliance of the highest Reason with the highest inspiration. *N. D.* 445.

A Prayer

O God, who didst send thy word to speak in the Prophets and live in thy Son, and appoint thy Church to be witness of divine things in all the world, revive the purity and deepen the power of its testimony; and through the din of earthly interests and the storm of human passions, let it make the still small voice of thy Spirit inly felt. Nearer and nearer may thy kingdom come from age to age; meeting the face of the

young as a rising dawn, and brightening the song of the old, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Already let its light abash our guilty negligence, and touch with hope each secret sorrow of the earth. By the cleansing spirit of thy Son, make this world a fitting fore-court to that sanctuary not made with hands, where our life is hid with Christ in God. Amen.

Home Prayers, 136.

INDEX

Affection not blind, 136.
Alienation, the removal of personal, 65.
Aliment of the good, the, 55.
All goodness one, 27.
All souls akin to Christ, 27.
As our nature rises it realizes its immortality, 168.

Belief truer than non-belief, 4.
Bible, the yoke of the, 153.
Blinding power of Cynicism, the, 133.
Brotherhood, the true, 118.
Business rests on basis of mutual benefit, 100.
"By their fruits ye shall know them," 166.

Cannot define the mystic line, 24.
Cannot worship what is below me, 9.
Canon of right, the, 100.
Carefulness for secular education, — the carelessness for religious, 144.
Casuistries of business, the, 99.
Challenge of Schopenhauer, the, 74.
Charge of the Cynic, the, 69.
Child's mediator, the, 143.
Child's thought, the, 141.
Christ the Divine flower of humanity, 156.
Christ unique in degree only, 27.
Christ's divine parable, 86.

Christ's ranking of aims, 85.
Christ's rule, 87.
Christ's theory of God, 29.
Christianity appeals to men not as they are, but as they ought to be, 128.
Christianity, the method of, 122.
Christianity my native air, 160.
Church invisible, the, 164.
Church that neglects social reform decays, the, 129.
Church visible, the, 163.
Civilization, contrasts of, 91.
Class-feeling enlarged egoism, 116.
Communion with God possible, 40.
Companionship with the false, 146.
Companionship with the true élite, 146.
Compulsory goodness, 97.
Condoning the sins of society, 103.
Conscience conforming to the world, 96.
Conscience, human, cannot stand alone, 59.
Conscience, the secret trust of, 55.
Contingencies of life, the, 77.
Contrasts of civilization, the, 91.
Criteria of judgment, the, 151.
Cynicism leads to Pessimism, 70.

De Profundis, 4.
Death, — God's method of colonizing, 174.
Dictated faith and duty not possible, 153.
Disappointing hopes, 170.
Discipline of sorrow, the, 79.
Dissolving mythology, 156.
Distrust of our faculties — infidelity, 151.

Divine cause lends itself to the divine spirit, the, 40.
Divine spirit in earthen vessels, 155.
Divine word in man, the, 16.
Diviner visions not false, our, 69.
Domestic and heavenly piety, 137.
Dream, the never-ending, 120.
Duty always something higher than our highest, 18.
Dynamics of social reform, the, 125.

Each faculty judges for itself, 70.
Each soul to be re-born, 174.
Education and moral regeneration, 123.
Encompassing Presence, the, 147.
Every man's highest his God, 95.

Fair and unfair trading, 101.
Faith implies sympathy, 71.
Faith in progress is faith in God, 10.
Faiths of our faculties condition of knowledge, the, 6.
Falseness of the Priest's pretensions, the, 162.
Family in heaven and earth, the, 174.
Fanatic, the — the worldling — the Christian, 88.
Finite love only half-born, 116.
Forgiveness, the limits of, 63.
Forgiveness to love, 66.
Forgiveness, what is? 65.
Foundations of natural piety, 111.
Function of sorrow, the, 78.

Genius not its own law, 60.
God, a further and a nearer, 46.
God and man separate, 21.

God cannot be classified, 5.
God Immanent, but Transcendent, 13.
God's moral plantings, 110.
God revealed unto babes, 50.
God's revelation not limited to Christ, 26.
Good in every one, 110.
Goodness the same on earth as in heaven, 138.
Great belief, the, 6.
Great hopes of great souls, 168.
Greater the degradation, the more need, 128.
Guilt, the faithful know most of, 62.

HEALTHY change, a, 93.
Hell of sordid interest, the, 90.
Holiest have their moods, the, 48.
Holy Spirit feminine, 50.
Human Free-Will, 19.
Humanism, limits of, 115.
Humanity left to itself grows weak, 115.

"I SPEAK that I do know," 34.
Ideal substitutes for God, 38.
Individualism corrected by humanism, 113.
Individualism, the mistake of, 112.
Influence of others, the, 114.
Inner and outer kingdom, the, 123.
Inner Christ, the, 158.
Internal Deity, the, 23.
Intuitions of childhood, the, 139.
Invisible capacities in man, 110.
Is life worth living? 73.

KINGDOM of God the never-ending dream, the, 120.

LATITUDINARIAN, the, 89.
Let the fresh dew lie undisturbed, 143.
Life and circumstance must harmonize, 127.
Life, the measure of, 74.
Limits of human intelligence, the, 3.

MAN and society, 110.
Man built on large scale, 169.
Man, not animals, immortal, 171.
Man — not a Robinson Crusoe being, 112.
Materialization of life, the, 91.
Men given over to gain, 90.
Men — not beasts, 109.
Method of Christianity, the, 122.
Mind — first, 8.
Mind more fitful than body, 47.
Modern doubt, 33.
Modern science glorifies theism, 11.
Moods of the spirit, 47.
Moral gravitation, 17.
Moral law inexorable, 64.
Morality — cannot base, on physiology, 109.
Morality — devotion, 51.
Music of the creeds, the, 167.
Mystic side of religion, the, 22.

NATURAL and sacerdotal Christianity, 161.
Nature's revelation of God not sufficient, 15.
Need of a moral revelation of God, the, 15.
No faith in scenic dreams, 157.
No religion in prosperity and ease, 80.

Not children of nature at ten and children of grace at four, 94.
Not to measure men by their devotions, 94.

Objective reality, the, 37.
Omnipresent conscience, the, 104.
Once at least there has been a Christ, 130.
"Ought not the Christ to suffer?" 76.
Our moral nature a prophecy, 172.
Outer reform powerless without moral transformation, 126.

Passing out into the world, 144.
Perennial inspiration, 154.
Personal confession, 170.
Persuasiveness of Christ, the, 28.
Philanthropic biography, the lesson of, 125.
Pious extravagance, 85.
Plato's Utopia, 121.
Poem of the universe, the, 12.
Prayer not a monologue, 42.
Prayer, the answer to, 44.
Prayer, the utility of, 43.
Prayer, what is? 43.
Preserve the Human Will, 21.
Proof of immortality rests in moral nature, 171.
Prophet, the true, 163.
Public *versus* private morality, 97.

Ranks of souls, 117.
Real union of Christendom, the, 165.
Realm of the spirit, the, 22.
Reliance on current sentiments, 56.

Religion a reverence for inferiors, 118.
Religion cannot subsist on silence, 43.
Religion for this world, 93.
Religion, that which men most revere is their, 95.
Retribution — yet restoration, 173.
Return to the simple life necessary, the, 92.
Right by social vote, 56.
Right, the absolute, 16.
Rightful anthropomorphism, a, 10.
Ring-fence to keep out God, the, 42.
Royal priesthood, 163.

Scepticism not always an honest doubt, 35.
Schopenhauer, the challenge of, 74.
Science has enlarged temple of nature, 12.
Scripture must find you, 154.
Secret of Christ's persuasiveness, the, 157.
Secrets of trade, the, 99.
Seeing power of Love, the, 135.
Self-abandonment to God characteristic of Christ, 54.
Self-love a false estimate of life, 72.
Self-surrender true self-possession, 52.
Selfish discontent spiritual suicide, 73.
Simple life, return to, 92.
Sinned, all we have, 62.
Society the means of discovering us to ourselves, 113.
Soul's forecast of retribution, the, 172.
Spasms of conscience, 127.
Sphere of duty — sphere of power, 57.
Spirit, the infinite reserve of, 41.
Spiritual good, first, 85.
Spurious charity, 104.

Spurious resignation, 73.
Stand out of God's light, 143.
Suffering and its balm, 76.

Temptations of power, 58.
That which men most revere is their religion, 95.
There is a "further" and "nearer" with God, 46.
Tides in life, 46.
Transfiguration of death, the, 175.
True brotherhood, 118.
True godly man, the, 96.
True manhood implies growth, 169.
Trust essential to growth, 111.
Trust the good man's trusts, 54.
Two loyalties, the, 165.

Union, the sigh for, 51.
Unity of God and man, the, 25.
Universe a mind-track, the, 7.
Untainted humanity of the child, the, 140.

Vision of sense and of reason, the, 36.
Voice, the, of Duty whence? 17.

Weary flats in life, 48.
What is forgiveness? 65.
Where God finds deepest love, 80.
Whoever loves you grows like you, 136.
Why trust the blind heart instead of the seeing? 35.
Word "Christian," the, 159.
World a domestic system, the, 116.
Worldling, the — the fanatic — the Christian, 88.

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MARTINEAU, James

AUTHOR

Tides of the spirit

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